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THE DICKENSIAN

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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The Dickens Fellowship

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, MAY 7th—10th, 1948

(See page 59)

Friday.—Reception by the Mayor and Mayoress of Southend. Pier Pavilion, 8 p.m. till midnight. Music, cabaret, dancing, refreshments.

Saturday.—Conference Meeting. Pier Pavilion, 9-30 a.m.
Conference Dinner. Pier Pavilion, 7-15 p.m. The Toast to "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" will be proposed by Mr. Frank Owen, Editor of *The Daily Mail*. Tickets (exclusive of wines) 20/-.

Sunday.—Divine Service. Parish Church, Prittlewell, 11 a.m.
Informal Evening. Pier Pavilion, 7-30 p.m. Music, etc. Light refreshments at popular prices.

Monday.—Motor Coach trip to Colchester, 9 a.m. Civic reception; conducted tour of the town. Tickets (inclusive of Lunch, Tea and gratuities) 20/-. Return at 7 p.m.

Full programme and list of recommended hotels from Hon. Secretaries or the Hon. Secretary of the Southend and District Branch: Mr. B. C. E. Osman, 31 Chapman's Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

LONDON MEETINGS

March 13—Ramble—"The Foundling Hospital." Meet Russell Square Tube Station, 2-30 p.m.

„ 19—"A Dickens Omnibus," arr. by Mr. John Greaves.

April 2—Annual General Meeting, followed by a debate: "Dickens's Characters—Married and Single," by Mr. Leo Mason (Blackburn) and Mr. C. H. Blackford (Redditch). Nominations to fill five vacancies on the Committee should be made in writing (with the consent of the nominee) to reach the Hon. Secretary not later than March 27th.

„ 3—Ramble—"Chelsea," conducted by Mr. J. D. Billington. Meet St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, 2-30 p.m.

May 7-10.—ANNUAL CONFERENCE. See above.

„ 29—Ramble—"Barnard's Inn and Holborn," conducted by Mr. T. Gibbons Close. Meet Mercer's School, opp. Prudential Building, Holborn, 2-30 p.m.

June 8—The Eve of the Anniversary of Dickens's Death. A wreath will be placed on the grave of Dickens by permission of the Dean. Meet, West Door of Westminster Abbey, 6 p.m.

„ 19—Motor Coach Trip to Cooling and Rochester, conducted by Mr. W. Glanvill Mason. Tickets (inclusive of Lunch, Tea and gratuities) 25/-.

Unless otherwise stated, meetings will be held in The Swedenborg Hall, 20-22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, at 7 p.m.

THE COUNTRY BANKER

'. . . he kept a pack of hounds and dwelt in patriarchal style among his people—hospitable, freehanded and popular. He might be seen at times seated under the great elm . . . chatting with his neighbours.'

SO, in the last century, the country banker inspired and held confidence: the evidence of his worth was plainly to be seen. The rising tide of industrial development with its demand for a service which few private firms could provide caused the virtual disappearance of the country bankers, but on the firm foundation which he had created, the Westminster Bank continued to build, so that it is today able to offer a service which, in its scope and complexity, might be a source of some astonishment to those pioneer bankers of other days.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Mrs. John Dickens, the novelist's mother
from the water-colour by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.,
at the Dickens Birthplace Museum,
by kind permission of the Portsmouth City Libraries.

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLIV 1st MARCH, 1948 No. 286

WHEN FOUND—

Conference. The forty-second Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship will be held at Southend-on-Sea from May 7th to May 10th. The occasion will be important for it will be the first Conference to be held out of London for nine years. Our hosts of the flourishing Southend Branch have been at great pains to prepare a most attractive programme in which they have been enthusiastically supported by the Mayor and Corporation, and the Minister of Food has relaxed his rule that public dinners must be limited to one hundred guests. Every facility that could be desired is available in this progressive resort while the delightful cliff-gardens of its quieter neighbour, Westcliff-on-Sea, afford rest and change. And London is only an hour away. It now only remains for members throughout the country to obtain copies of the programme (see page ii of cover) and to secure tickets and book their accommodation without delay. We should not be surprised to see a record attendance.

* * * * *

The Birthday. The 136th Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated throughout the Fellowship on or about February 7th. In London about one hundred and sixty members and guests, by permission of the Ministry of Food, attended the Annual Dinner at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, when Mr. Ivor Brown, Editor of *The Observer*, proposed the Toast of The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens. A full report will appear in the next number. On Sunday evening, February 8th, the first Annual Dickens Service was held in Southwark Cathedral.

* * * * *

The Princess. Prominent among the Wedding Gifts at the Exhibition at St. James's Palace was a set of the Fireside Edition of Dickens, superbly bound in red tooled morocco with the Rochester coat of arms in gilt, which the city presented to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her marriage. The gift was acknowledged in the following letter:

Buckingham Palace,
27th November, 1947.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,

The Works of Charles Dickens which the Citizens of Rochester have so kindly sent me are a most welcome Wedding Present. They are an essential part of any Library and will certainly find an honoured place in mine. I shall treasure them, not only for themselves but for the affection and goodwill which they represent on the part of the people of Rochester. Would you please tell all concerned how truly grateful I am and how much I value their most acceptable present.

Yours sincerely,
(*signed*) ELIZABETH.

The Medway Grocers' Association presented a portrait of Dickens reputed to have been at one time at Gadshill.

* * * * *

Landor's Carol. The copy of *A Christmas Carol* which Dickens presented to Walter Savage Landor appeared at the Gribble Sale in New York on December 8th and fetched $1150.

In Memory. When Walter Dexter died in 1944 he left unfinished an extra-illustrated Forster's *Life of Dickens* upon which he had been working, with the co-operation of Mr. Miller, for some years. Mr. Miller, since his return from America, has completed it and it has now been sold. Mrs. Dexter has with great generosity given to the Walter Dexter Memorial—Dickens House Endowment Fund—her share of the proceeds of the sale, £75. It is a real pleasure to make this announcement of Mrs. Dexter's continued interest in the House and the welfare of the Dickens Fellowship.

* * * * *

Stanley Baldwin. The Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., was renowned in his day as the greatest living Englishman, and certainly no man ever had a greater love for England. He had a profound admiration for English Literature in general and the work of Charles Dickens in particular. His tribute at the Birthday Dinner in 1930 made that day a memorable one in the history of the Fellowship ; it betrayed a sympathy and solicitude for the under-dog as profound as that of Dickens himself. By Lord Baldwin's death the Dickens Fellowship has lost one of its most distinguished Vice-Presidents.

* * * * *

Our Film Library. When in December, Mr. Ronald Neame, deputising for Mr. David Lean who was detained in the studio by *Oliver Twist*, gave us such an enthralling lecture on "Filming Dickens," he took the opportunity of presenting to the President, Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens, for The Dickens House, a copy of the recent brilliantly successful film of *Great Expectations*. In the following month Ealing Studios added to our collection a copy of their film of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Our grateful thanks are warmly offered for these gifts which will prove of the greatest interest in the years to come. The film library at The Dickens House now comprises the following :

Oliver Twist (silent)	1923
The Old Curiosity Shop	1935
Great Expectations	1935
Scrooge	1936
Great Expectations	1946
Nicholas Nickleby	1947

In addition there are news-reels of the two Pickwick Centenary Coach Rides to Rochester in 1927 and 1936, the Dickens Coach and Tableaux in the Lord Mayor's Show of 1935, and others.

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Our Contributors. In this number we are proud to present the first of two articles by Mr. Humphry House who has firmly established himself as a literary critic of distinction and rare judgement. His *The Dickens World*, 1941, has earned for itself a very important place upon the Dickensian's bookshelf. We also print the concluding portion of the important study of Thomas Powell by Mr. Wilfred Partington, sometime Editor of *The Bookman's Journal*, who has recently published his study of a famous literary forger, *Thomas J. Wise in the Original Cloth*. Another book to appear recently is *The Showman of Vanity Fair*, a life of Thackeray, by Dr. Lionel Stevenson, President of the Los Angeles Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, who contributed an article on the origin of Mr. Turveydrop to our last number.

For Character Actors. Professional and amateur performers will welcome *In the Footsteps of Barnaby Rudge*, which has just been published by Samuel French (2s.). Admirably adapted from the novel by Eric Jones-Evans, the booklet contains studies of eleven of its characters and is prefaced by a blessing from that pioneer in this field, Bransby Williams, who will be remembered for his own achievement as Barnaby.

* * * * *

Gad's Hill Place. Visitors to Gad's Hill Place will remember that the entrance to the tunnel under the road was in earlier days flanked by two deodars. One of these cedars (*cedrus deodara*) crashed during the gales of last winter, and Dickensians will regret that it has been found necessary to cut down the remaining tree. These trees must not be confused with the Cedars of Lebanon which stood in the Shrubbery and were felled in 1907, aged 121 years. Some of the trees in the Shrubbery have also had to be thinned out as their condition was becoming dangerous.

* * * * *

Rosemary for Remembrance. Among other fatalities at Gad's Hill Place due to the war, the rosemary bushes, planted originally by Dickens in the garden at the back of the house, died while the premises were occupied by His Majesty's Forces. Fortunately, Mr. T. W. Hill has at Bromley a flourishing rosemary bush that has grown from a cutting given by Miss Burt to Mrs. Hill over twenty years ago, and he had the privilege to hand to her a " striking " from this bush, so the continuity of the Dickens association is again secure. Another " striking " is being nursed at Bromley for eventual transplantation to the little garden at The Dickens House.

* * * * *

The Mantle of Elijah. When we were very young and for years afterwards, any Dickensian information upon the city of Rochester and its environs was invariably sought from and as surely supplied by the late Edwin Harris. His mantle has now firmly clothed the shoulders of Mr. W. Glanvill Mason for some years and we gladly pay a tribute to the assistance Mr. Mason renders us in this field, in which his knowledge is truly encyclopædic.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bouncer. Not long ago we came across an old news cutting in which it was stated that a small gravestone bearing an epitaph to Mrs. Bouncer, a favourite dog of Maimie Dickens, had been found in a wood at the rear of the Old Hermitage, a large house near Gadshill. Mr. Glanvill Mason tells us that the stone was subsequently removed by its discoverer and owner, Mrs. Vinall, to her new home at Herne Bay. The epitaph reads: " This is the grave of Mrs. Bouncer, the best, most faithful and most loving of all loving dogs. Born Nov. 5th, 1859, died Aug. 9th, 1874. Her happy life was passed, with the exception of the last four years, at Gads Hill Place, Higham, near Rochester."

* * * * *

On the Air Again. The popular Sunday evening serialised novels broadcast by the B.B.C. have again returned to Dickens. *Bleak House* was brilliantly done a year or two back. *Dombey and Son* was not so successful. Then followed, although not on Sundays, our good friend Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley's excellent version of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Now we are hearing *Barnaby Rudge*. As we go to press only a few episodes have been heard.

Congratulations. We gladly offer our congratulations to Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, C.M.G., on his succession to the Editor's Chair of the *News Chronicle*. The first of his predecessors was Charles Dickens. It is, of course, only a coincidence, but what a happy coincidence, that the name of Cruikshank is associated with a newspaper founded by Dickens in 1846. That Mr. Cruikshank is an enthusiastic admirer of the novelist is patent to all readers of his book *The Roaring Century* (1946) as well as to those who had the privilege of hearing his lecture *Dickens and Journalism* to the Dickens Fellowship eighteen months ago.

* * * * *

C. S. Calverley. A photographic copy of the celebrated Calverley Pickwick Examination Paper, set at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1857, has been presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford by Mr. F. F. Madan. The original MS. was sold for £16 at Sotheby's on February 10th.

* * * * *

Resurgam. It is announced that plans have been formulated for the restoration of the cruelly damaged Inns of Court, so dear to every Dickensian. This is splendid news. The buildings are to be reconstructed on the lines of those destroyed by enemy action and the American Bar Association is being petitioned for assistance in defraying the cost of some of the more important buildings. Mr. John W. Davies, a well-known New York attorney, has already issued an appeal which quotes freely from Dickens's descriptions of the Inns.

* * * * *

"The Ruffian." In recent years there have appeared several critics of Dickens's attempts to preserve decorum in the streets of London as exemplified by his causing the arrest of a young woman, which is related in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. A vigorous onslaught on one of these critics, Mr. Esmé Wingfield Stratford, is made by Mr. John Kirkby in a seven-page pamphlet, *Unpopular Dickens*, which may be obtained from the author at 2 Florence Street, London, N.1 (4*d*. post free).

* * * * *

Yarmouth. One of the best ambassadors of the Dickens Fellowship to-day is Mr. John Greaves, who is untiring in his travels up and down the country giving recitals from Dickens. Recently he gave a specially successful one at Yarmouth with the result that an effort is to be made to form a Branch of the Fellowship in that town. What more suitable locality could be found? Dickensians in the neighbourhood are urged to get into touch with Mr. G. A. Pattern, of Northgate Primary School.

* * * * *

Retort relevant. Requiring a copy of one of Dickens's less frequently read books, we recently entered a second-hand bookshop and asked the proprietor if he had one. "Of course I have," he replied, "the B.B.C. haven't done it yet."

* * * * *

Can We Do Him Now, Sir? We have received a suggestion from a number of readers that we should arise and denounce the gentleman who broadcast his opinion that the radio entertainment "ITMA" has "in a few years produced more outstanding characters than did Dickens in a lifetime," adding that they had "far greater humour than the creations of Dickens." Dear me! what a predicament we are in. Alas, we have no wrath to work up; we are merely amused. Let us wait to see if those characters join Mrs. Gamp among the immortals.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

G.B.S. ON *GREAT EXPECTATIONS* *

BY HUMPHRY HOUSE

I.

THE publication for the first time in England of an essay by Mr. Shaw on Dickens is not an event to let slip with just a casual notice. His Introduction to *Great Expectations* was first printed in the U.S.A. in 1937, preceding an elaborate edition of the novel illustrated by Gordon Ross, published by the Limited Editions Club of New York; it is thus almost unknown in the United States and scarcely heard of here. It is not mentioned by William Miller in *The Dickens Student and Collector*, for which much of the work was done at Harvard: yet its sixteen pages are worth more than many groups of sixteen volumes that could be arranged from the portentous mass of Dickensiana listed by Mr. Miller. It has, of course, a clear, vigorous text with some punch in every sentence: and this lifts it at once above the drivelling and trivial verbosity that passes so often for criticism of Dickens; and I am told from two sources that the English text is the same as the American but for a few very small changes.

First, it is a delight to find Mr. Shaw expressing the opinion that *Great Expectations* is Dickens's "most compactly perfect book." He justifies this by stressing its freedom from "episodes of wild extravagance" and the fact that it is "all-of-one-piece and consistently truthful as none of the other books are": "the story is built round a single and simple catastrophe." Dickens knew and cared to know little about "The Art of the Novel." Readers and critics even in his later days were reaching with difficulty the admission of such an art; and Dickens would have been almost the last novelist to qualify as an artist. Nor would he have wanted to qualify. Mr. Shaw is excellent on "Dickens's position as a member of the educated and cultured classes who had neither education nor culture." "When Dickens," he says, "introduced in his stories a character whom he intensely disliked he chose an artistic profession for him . . . . . There is real hatred in his treatment of them." Many of his comments on the visual arts were "those of a complete Philistine." All this is very well borne out by the careers of the two Dickens heroes who are closest to Dickens —David and Pip. David actually ends as a novelist, and we have no description whatever of the kind of novels he wrote or the problems he tackled in writing them; we are left to assume that he took them in his stride, as Dickens took his. Pip the blacksmith's apprentice becomes a "gentleman," and "reading" is often mentioned as one of his great accomplishments in gentility; but nothing is revealed about what he read or his taste, or what good he thought he got out of it. Music and painting have no part in his life. He acquired a liking for the theatre (again, one assumes, like Dickens); but the only detailed account of his theatre-going is that of the visit to see Mr. Wopsle as Hamlet; and at the end the reader is left with more awareness of the problems of the dresser in fitting the heroic actor's stockings than of the tragic dilemmas of the hero.

"The cultural side of art," says Mr. Shaw with complete justice, "was as little known to Dickens as it is possible for a thing so public to remain to a man so apprehensive"; yet *Great Expectations*, for all the failure of its ending, is a great work of art, fine in form and style; it is quite unique among Dickens's books: it is, paradoxically, the artistic expression of that otherwise artless and cultureless society which

* *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens. With an introduction by Bernard Shaw. The Novel Library. Hamish Hamilton. 6s.

it describes and exposes. It has a unity of tone and purpose, a reality and seriousness found in none other of the novels.

Mr. Shaw says that in *Great Expectations* Dickens "let himself go." The critical importance of these words varies with the emphasis: they are more important if the emphasis is on "himself" than if it is on "go." For in countless other parts of his work he "let go" his other self, the impersonator, the actor who grimaced and spoke the words of his characters aloud as he wrote about them, forgetting all the details of ordinary life. His great grotesques are all "lettings-go" in this sense. And his great criminal, distorted, evil characters are "lettings-go" of a secret inner strain of his. But in *Great Expectations* it was his more open, social autobiographical self he let go; it is the pendant to the first part of *David Copperfield*, the more mature revision of the progress of a young man in the world.

II.

It is, of course, a snob's progress; and the novel's greatest achievement is to make it sympathetic. When Pip plays Beggar-my-Neighbour and, later on, sophisticated French games of cards with Estella; when he has just heard of his fortune, and the cattle on the marshes seem "in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now"; when he first dines with Herbert Pocket; when he visits the town in the Havisham-Pocket context without calling on Joe at the forge, and then, on getting back to London, sends him some fish and a barrel of oysters to salve his conscience; above all, when Magwitch comes to his rooms in the Temple—on these and countless other such occasions Dickens is touching the very quick of that delicate, insinuating, pervasive class-consciousness which achieved in England a subtle variegation and force to which other countries, with fewer gradations between the feudal and the "low," have scarcely aspired. Many of our novels have played on class themes, but none with such lingering, succulent tenderness. Mr. Shaw says that "as our social conscience expands and makes the intense class snobbery of the nineteenth century seem less natural to us, the tragedy of *Great Expectations* will lose some of its appeal." It may need a little more effort to understand—and the novel is indeed already a historical document of the first importance; but its permanent appeal derives from its adaptation of an age-old theme to a particular complex modern society.

Many critics have seen in it an allegory or at least a symbolism. The disappointment of Pip's expectations, following upon the discovery of their source, is taken to be an expression of disgust at the groundless optimism and "progressive" hope of mid-Victorian society. What Mr. Shaw calls the bitterness of Dickens's "exposure of the futility of Pip's parasitism" is often taken to be a bitterness in the knowledge that all the material wealth and boasted progress of that age were parasitic on the drudgery of an exploited working-class, a hideous underworld of labour. Mr. Shaw does not push his social interpretation quite so far. But he does take the novel to be a "tragedy," and he says: "Its beginning is unhappy; its middle is unhappy; and the conventional happy ending is an outrage on it." "Pip's world is a very melancholy place, and his conduct, good or bad, always helpless." And he says of all Dickens's later work:

> When he lost his belief in bourgeois society and with it his lightness of heart he had neither an economic Utopia nor a credible religion to hitch on to. His world becomes a world of great expectations cruelly disappointed.

All this is very important. It is plain that in the later novels—*Little Dorrit*, *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend* above all—

Dickens's attitude to money and to the power of money in life has undergone a drastic revision, and that this reflects the development of capitalism in mid-century: the joint-stock company and investment have taken the place of the old-fashioned honest "counting-house" businessmen of the Fezziwig-Cherryble-Garland type, who plainly worked for their living and often lived over the office. The new power of money is vaster, anonymous and secret; and those who make the big fortunes do not work for them, but juggle with paper. Merdle, Veneering and Lammle are the new businessmen. The clearest expression of Dickens's opinion about the effect of this upon society is in the rhythmical satiric exhortation to "Have Shares" and be mighty, in *Our Mutual Friend*. The plots of all these three novels turn on Big Money; and in each a main point is that the money bears no intelligible relation to the amount and quality of the work put into earning it. Pip's is an extreme case: he doesn't even know where the money comes from. When he learns he is appalled: his fortune turns to dust and ashes.

III.

But is the melancholy contemplation of dust and ashes the final scene and mood of the novel? Is utter despair and unrelieved disgust at the whole scheme of society into which he has "risen" Pip's final state? Even leaving out the botched-up ending with Estella, it is not; and it is clear from trains of action laid earlier in the story that Dickens never meant it to be. Pip is not utterly corrupted and brought low either in feeling or in fortune. He does two actions which bring benefit to his middle-class friends; both concern money. He secretly arranges the funds to set up Herbert in a partnership, and he praises Matthew Pocket to Miss Havisham, so that she leaves him "a cool four thousand." Furthermore, it is his provision for Herbert which saves his own fortune after the Magwitch bubble bursts. Dickens must have planned this reward for good-heartedness early on; it was not part of the tacked-on happy ending. Pip is enabled to keep his acquired class character; he goes off to the East as a member of a firm of which he says: "We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits and did very well." Are we to conclude, as the tragic interpreters conclude, that this part of the ending, though not tacked on, was yet planned as a concession by Dickens to his readers, because he had set himself, as Mr. Shaw insists, to earn enough to bring up a large family in high style (?) because he could not financially afford to leave Pip to what in his inner heart he believed to be his proper fate? I don't believe it. If that was the motive, why be so explicit? When Dickens wrote so clearly that Pip's firm worked for their profits, he went out of his way to restate what he still believed to be the proper basis of the wealth of a "respectable" middle class. Even in the later fifties and the sixties he was still clinging, though rather desperately, to his ideal of the businessman in the small private firm. His hatred for the gross and illegitimate wealth of such as Merdle did not extend to all middle-class standards and values.

It is important to the understanding of the novel that Pip has aspirations before he has expectations; these are developed in the scene with Biddy in Ch. xvii.

> "Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."
>
> "Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."
>
> "Biddy," said I with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

The particular reasons are, of course, to do with his passion for Estella ; and when his fortune comes the wretched Pip sees his expectations through Estella-coloured glasses ; he thinks of his fortune as a means of realising the longing hopes and day-dreams which concentrate on her. The emotional tension of the book up to the time of Magwitch's return derives from this sexual situation, not from the money situation alone : in fact Pip takes his money very calmly for granted ; he doesn't take Estella calmly at all. Mr. Shaw says that she " is a curious addition to the gallery of unamiable women painted by Dickens," and that the notion " that anyone could ever have been happy with Estella is positively unpleasant." He suggests that the portrait of her is an elaborate and recent study from life : the clue to understanding her is that " Estella is a born tormentor." This is not quite the whole story ; for the interest of Estella as an individual is to see the impact of Miss Havisham's reiterated bitter teaching on a ditch-born orphan. Dickens was rarely quite clear in his expressions of the relation between heredity and environment, though the themes pre-occupied him. Oliver Twist is one notable anomaly ; Estella is another, rather more complex. He hints rather than states that with her parentage you could hardly expect the girl to turn out otherwise. But the explicit emphasis is all on Miss Havisham's upbringing :

> " with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

She has been trained to be a tormentor and has learned the lesson gladly.

IV.

The critique of snobbery is so full, so convincing and so sympathetic because Dickens has woven the snobbery so skilfully and even unobtrusively with the sexual passion. Estella does not appear often in the book ; but she is always there in the back of Pip's mind. The collapse of Pip's expectations about Estella should have been every bit as much the matter of the title as the collapse of his expectations about money. His snobbery had its root in his desire ; and all the irony of the book turns on the fact that both the money and the girl derive from Magwitch ; this is very bitter indeed. There is a significance in it far beyond the particular case, a far deeper and more universal significance, I think, than in any supposed political allegory. The sexual element in snobbery is one which social critics and historians have not always emphasised enough. The daydreams of a genteel life include daydreams of a woman who is a " lady," a creature of great beauty, brilliance, delicacy, fineness, able in idleness to keep her beauty fresh, to be unsullied by work either in the house or as an earner ; the desire to possess, maintain and cherish such a creature, with all the fascinating attributes of a mistress that a fervid adolescent imagination can invent, is one of the impulses that make men want to " better themselves." Pip's dreams of Estella are sharpened by the other women in the book. His sister, Joe's first wife, is the soured working-class woman, old before her time, always in her apron, always self-pitying about her chores, always scolding, a woman in whom all the fascinations of femininity either never flowered or withered soon. Contrasted with her is the fatuous, pure " lady," Mrs. Pocket, who spends all her time reading the *Peerage*, helpless to look after even herself, letting her husband, household and children fecklessly slide : she too is a complainer. At one end of the scale is Mrs. Joe, the extreme from which Pip hopes to " rise " ; at the other is Mrs. Pocket, the *reductio ad absurdum* of being " up in the world." Between them

is Biddy, who is of the world of Agnes, though her class is different. Wise, generous, loving, attractive, mild but strong—she is the good, living woman who waits in reserve in many Dickens books ; but they never have very much personality, and that's the trouble. Pip knows Biddy's worth all right, but, with his big ideas, he can't take her quite seriously ; he slights her when he merely tries to be nice. Estella has all the vigour and obvious vividness and glamour—something to aspire to—that Biddy lacks. Biddy is something to accept ; Estella is something to build on. And building is Pip's special weakness. A distinguished French critic has here recently touched the spot :

> Ce qui caractérise le parvenu, c'est qu'il espère trop, c'est qu'il a de la chance dans ses espérances, et c'est ainsi qu'il aime. Il sait bien qu'il n'est pas aimé ; mais il garde son espérance et revient avec un courage obstiné.*

V.

The special unity of the book, which Mr. Shaw and all its admirers particularly stress, is brought out by the ingenuity of plot through which both the amorous and social expectations are ultimately seen to derive from the same source. When Pip has made that discovery he reveals to Magwitch on his deathbed a secret of his own heart. It was partly Estella's being a " lady " that had fed his passion for her from boyhood, when he believed she was the real article by birth. The aim of all Magwitch's transport life had been to make Pip a " gentleman." At the deathbed, for all the horror that he feels for Magwitch, Pip reveals to him the story of Estella :

> " Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say ? "
> A gentle pressure on my hand.
> " You had a child once, whom you loved and lost."
> A stronger pressure on my hand.
> " She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her ! "

Having just heard and understood, Magwitch then immediately dies. In that scene everything has come full circle ; every word of it tells. It had been his own coarseness as a blacksmith's apprentice that had made Estella seem so remotely far above him, and he had been ashamed ; it had been Magwitch who gave him the means to lose the coarseness and almost overcome the shame ; he had scarcely assimilated the knowledge that this was the low and terrifying convict's doing than he discovered that this man was indeed the father of the very girl whom in her beauty and ladyhood had seemed so wildly and desperately remote. That deathbed scene is the confession from Pip that ultimately he and Magwitch had been actuated by the same sort of motive. Mr. Shaw does not quite give full weight to this scene :

> But Pip, he says,—and I am afraid Pip must be to this extent identified with Dickens—could not see Magwitch as an animal of the same species as himself or Miss Havisham. His feeling is true to the nature of snobbery ; but his creator says no word in criticism of that ephemeral limitation.

Surely this last scene is criticism enough without any labouring of the point. " Dear Magwitch . . . . . " says Pip ; at the moment of death he can use the word of love, can recognise the kinship, can even admit community of ultimate thought. This is indeed too terribly true to the nature of snobbery ; Pip could never have maintained such a mood with Magwitch alive, and if he had thought he would recover he would never have told him about Estella. It was a sort of viaticum. And surely Dickens knew what he was doing.

* Alain : *En Lisant Dickens*, p. 158

Mr. Shaw rather complains that Dickens

> never raises the question why Pip should refuse Magwitch's endowment and shrink from him with such inhuman loathing . . . . . Inspired by an altogether noble fixed idea, he had lifted himself out of his rut of crime and honestly made a fortune for the child who had fed him when he was starving. If Pip had no objection to be a parasite instead of an honest blacksmith, at least he had a better claim to be a parasite on Magwitch's earnings than, as he imagined, on Miss Havisham's property. It is curious that this should not have occurred to Dickens . . . . .

The novel is not an essay in ethics ; this may have occurred to Dickens, but the important point is that it did not occur to Pip ; and that is in general keeping with the truth to life which Mr. Shaw praises. The horror of Magwitch which Pip had as a child in the churchyard and during the fight with Compeyson in the ditch on the marshes would have stayed with him for life ; he had indelible memories of terror linked to Magwitch ; the beginning of the book is so fine, so well in keeping with all that follows, because it gives the full weight and proportion to those childish fears ; and those very fears are caught up again into the mood of apparently crude snobbery in the Temple. This is one of Dickens's greatest novels just because the moral problems are not seen too simply. Pip is not a young philosopher acting and feeling on argued moral principle. The childish fears hitched on to social snobbery by a complex, unconscious process in which the sexual love for Estella had the strongest play. It is just because Pip could not have rationally defended his loathing of the Warmint that it is so strong and awful. And indeed it does seem to be going a little far to say that Magwitch's fixed idea is " altogether noble " ; for he was not concerned so much about Pip's true well-being as about his own capacity to make a " gentleman " of him ; Pip was to be Magwitch's means of self-expression, just as Estella was to be Miss Havisham's ; they each wanted to use a child to redress the balance of a world gone wrong, to do vicariously what they had failed to do direct. In the Temple Magwitch is not really concerned much about the grateful return for Pip's help on the marshes ; he is concerned to view, assess, appraise the " dear boy " as his own creation. For Magwitch is a snob too. It is curious that this should not have occurred to Mr. Shaw. A main theme of the book, running in two parallel strands of the plot, is that the attempt through money and power to exploit a child will lead to ingratitude and even more bitterness. Pip's presence both at the death of Magwitch and at the awful scene of Miss Havisham's repentance is meant to show him as the channel through which they purge themselves of their errors too.

Thus, emotionally as well as socially and financially, Pip appears as " helpless." He directs nothing ; things happen to him ; everybody except Joe and Biddy use him for purposes of their own. They let him go his own way and help him out of scrapes. But there is never any question of his return to the village for good, with an effective, working reconciliation with them. His new class character—amounting to very little more than voice and table manners and range of friends—is firmly established and he is left to continue in it. Dickens was not going to say that all his gains were negligible. Of the two children used for experiment Estella suffers in the long run worse than Pip ; she is not the of receptive kind.

Dickens did not himself anywhere, I think, call the book a " tragedy " ; but he did say from the very beginning when he was planning it that a " grotesque tragi-comic conception " first encouraged him.* And in view of later criticism it is almost harsh to find him saying of Joe and Pip : " I have put a child and a good-

* Forster : Bk. IX. Ch. iii.

natured foolish man, in relations that seem to me very funny."* And Pumblechook is there all along to prick Pip's tragic element; it is as if Polonius were allowed all through to gloss Hamlet's soliloquies; but it is significant that not even Pumblechook twits Pip about Estella. The fact is that all Dickens's stories published in parts or in serial—and *Great Expectations* was a serial in *All the Year Round*—grew in the writing beyond their first conception. But the growth of this novel never became rank; it never got out of hand. Though Pumblechook and Wopsle are grotesque characters, and belong to the histrionic method of "letting-go," they never get out of hand and spoil the proportion of things. A great feature of the book is the way in which minor characters, like Orlick and Wemmick, grow as it proceeds; each of them has, in his own way, a dream, and each is a comment on Pip. Wemmick's castle is not a castle in the air, but a castle at Walworth with a deaf old man inside. The acknowledgment of the lasting difference between Walworth and Little Britain is just the acknowledgment that in his life Pip could not yet make. Orlick's mad resentment against Mrs. Gargery is a release of what Pip bottled up.

VI.

The book is every bit as rich as any other Dickens novel; but not with a squandered and disordered richness. The grotesques are under control and all fit directly into the external narrative and also into the main psychological theme. This applies even to Miss Havisham. She is not in the ordinary realistic sense of the word an utterly impossible person. It has to be remembered too that in this, as in most of Dickens's novels, the imaginary date of the action is considerably earlier than the date of writing. I have not worked out an exact internal chronology from the hints given up and down *Great Expectations*—and indeed it might not be possible to do so; but it is clear at any rate from the mere span of Pip's life that the beginning of the book cannot have been later than the 1830's. In other words Miss Havisham belongs to an age in which great eccentrics were a more normal part of the English social scene; the greater uniformity of manners, the muting and levelling of style, the suppression of feeling by what was called taste had not yet clouded our life. But though these things had not made Miss Havisham "impossible," they have coloured Dickens's treatment of her, writing as he was in the early sixties. She is a private, secret grotesque, unknown to the world: she does not storm outrageously through the action of the book like a Mrs. Gamp or a Quilp. As usual, various suggestions have been made about "originals" for Miss Havisham and for items in her life. Some such old recluse was burned to death in her house near Hyde Park; a wedding-breakfast room, with cake and all, had been sealed up in the tavern called "Dirty Dick's" in Bishopsgate Street Without.† On 29th January, 1850, an inquest was held on Martha Joachim, who had died at the age of 62 at York Buildings, Marylebone:

> In 1825 a suitor of the deceased, whom her mother rejected, shot himself while sitting on the sofa with her, and she was covered with his brains. From that instant she lost her reason. Since her mother's death, eighteen years ago, she had led the life of a recluse, dressed in white, and never going out. A char-woman occasionally brought her what supplied her wants. Her only companions were the bull-dog, which she nursed like a child, and two cats.

This report Dickens certainly read, as it is taken from *The Household Narrative* (1850, p.10) of which he was the editor. It seems clear that Miss Havisham is another example of Dickens's regular habit of fusing

* Forster: Bk. IX. Ch. iii.
† See F. G. Kitton: *The Novels* of *Charles Dickens*, p. 193.

together items from a number of different sources, remembered over a considerable time. In the details of the spiders and so on he let his imagination run, just as he did over such things as the workhouse diet at the beginning of *Oliver Twist*. But Miss Havisham's peculiar greatness is that she is built so convincingly into the main structure of the book, linked to Compeyson, Magwitch, Pip, Jaggers and the Pockets with such a clever combination of converging possibilities that she presides over the plot like a convincing Fate. "In *Great Expectations*," writes Mr. Shaw:

> We have Wopsle and Trabb's boy; but they have their part and purpose in the story and do not overstep the immodesty of nature. It is hardly decent to compare Mr. F.'s aunt with Miss Havisham; but as contrasted studies of madwomen they make you shudder at the thought of what Dickens might have made of Miss Havisham if he had seen her as a comic personage. For life is no laughing matter in *Great Expectations* . . . . .

(*To be concluded*)

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

The pace which modern conditions impose upon life, has not unnaturally produced, among other literary *curiosa*, a number of tabloid biographies of the great, for the benefit of the many who are unable to find time to read extensively enough to form their own judgement. A sketch of Dickens which falls into this category appears in *Six Great Victorian Novelists*, by F. E. Bailey (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.).

The author clearly has no liking for Dickens, for in writing a thirty-four page essay he can find nothing whatever to praise. We should not, and do not complain of that—it is not unprecedented—but we do think that biographers should not quote solely from condemnations of Dickens nor should they present a rehash of second-hand unverified gossip.

In the book under notice Leslie Stephen is quoted as writing that Dickens is "the novelist of the half-educated," Clifford Bax that "his gift of immortality puzzles the judicious," and Anthony Trollope provides adverse criticisms of some length. But no one who has praise to bestow is laid under contribution.

"Dickens is not to be defined," we are told, "it is better to let the facts speak for themselves and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, if he can." If he can! How is it possible when a large proportion of the "facts" marshalled for his information are unsubstantiated?

Among other "facts" the accusation is repeated that "he exported his sons to the ends of the earth at the earliest opportunity," which is a curious way of saying that, after careful thought he sent not very brilliant boys to rising and promising colonies with personal introductions to the most influential citizens. The final letters to Maria are "cruel." Really they were most restrained, seeing that they were written by a sensitive young man, who had been jilted by a coquette who had accepted his courtship for three years. "Dickens neither thought nor read," we are informed. And yet Mr. Bailey calls him "a bookish boy." As for his "passion" for the Queen, has Mr. Bailey really read the light-hearted letters upon which this preposterous statement is founded?

The gossip about Ellen Ternan is once more repeated as established fact. This time we are informed that the evidence is "too long" to quote. Could irresponsibility go further than to state of this matter, as Mr. Bailey does, that "Kate, his daughter, left it on record"?

L.C.S.

THE CITY CHURCHES

By GWEN MAJOR

I

"WHERE shall I begin my round of hidden and forgotten old churches in the City of London ?" the Uncommercial Traveller asks, having 53 from which to choose in the narrow alleys, courts and thoroughfares of which the famous square mile was composed in his day.

Now we ask "How much remains ?" and echo answers "How little !" All too soon that little will be gone or merged in new thoroughfares. One church is actually being considered for removal, not stone by stone, but bodily, to allow for a widening of Upper Thames Street.

To mark some churches while we may was the purpose of a recent ramble and I think that we should record our findings for those who come after.

In reading *The City of London Churches* it is obvious that the Uncommercial Traveller visited what he described. One feels his imagination playing around actual people he saw, that he sat in the "hidden" churches noting queer things about them and that his fancy was not fed by what he read but by actual experiences gathered upon many a quiet Sunday morning. The charm of that essay is preserved in print for all time, but some echo of it may still be felt, despite all that has happened, if one wanders at some quiet time among the lanes and churches which remain, for I believe that most of what the Uncommercial saw may yet be traced.

Let us begin, as he did, on a Sunday morning when he had come from Covent Garden to the "region of Whittington" in an omnibus which was bound ultimately for the Blackwall Railway.

Having reached St. Paul's they put down a "fierce-eyed spare old lady . . . . . who walked up Aldersgate," apparently in search of "brimstone doctrine," and a "stouter and sweeter" one at Stationers' Hall Court, off Ludgate Hill and just short of St. Paul's. He may have continued round the north side of St. Paul's and so along Cheapside, or south and east to Cannon Street.

By whichever way he went he found himself in the "region of Whittington" and it being "twenty minutes short of eleven," strolling "down one of the many narrow, hilly streets in the City that tend due south to the Thames."

So we have the area defined, somewhere between St. Paul's and, say, Walbrook and leading down to the Thames ; in fact, literally in, or near, College Hill where Whittington lived and founded church and college.

"So many bells are ringing," the Uncommercial says, that "the discordance is fearful." Standing at a street corner he is divided between "four great churches, which are all within sight and sound, all within the space of a few square yards." Supposing the buildings of his day to have been lower than now, he could have stood within sight of six at many a corner. As to-day, he could not see as many as four people going to the four churches, but let us bear witness in passing that the weekday life of those churches which are left, and by "left" I mean even ruins of churches, is very different from their forlorn life in his day. City workers pass quiet lunch hours in many a shady churchyard well provided with seats, are given cups of hot tea, are comforted with the Word of God most earnestly spoken, are uplifted by beautiful music, all of this activity greatly increased since the war.

To return to the bewildered Uncommercial Traveller, standing

undecided at a street corner. "I choose my church," he says, so now let us look around for his probable choice.

Coming west from Cannon Street Station, or down Walbrook, crossing into Dowgate Hill and turning right into Cloak Lane (by either way passing College Hill), and so along the street of Great St. Thomas Apostle, one reaches Garlick Hill. Or beginning with one's back to the Mansion House Station, one can turn sharp right into this "narrow, hilly street" of Garlick Hill. Nearly at the bottom on the left-hand side one finds the church of ST. JAMES'S, GARLICKHITHE, at present undergoing repairs after war damage and shorn of the once familiar figure of its Patron Saint which with its clock hung above the door. (This church, by the way, is the one which may undergo a *bodily* removal.)

By courtesy of] [*Constable Ltd.*

St. James's Garlickhithe

You will notice that you enter (in normal times) by a door in (for the size of the church) a huge tower, approached by a small flight of steps. Nowhere in this locality—defined as above by the Uncommercial's own description—is such an entrance to be found, or was in Dickens's day. The entrance seems always to have been bare inside, the bell rope, only, to be seen in one corner.

Going through, a vestibule runs right and left, and on either side are old stairs leading to the gallery and organ loft. Wooden panelling separates this vestibule from the main body of the church.

Crossing the vestibule and entering by a door (which with the panelling may or may not have been of glass in Dickens's day, just before the City churches were so extensively "restored"), entering by a door, I say, one is in a typical Wren church, more or less square. The gallery and organ loft are immediately over one's head on entering, with a "pew of state" to left and right. The back choir stalls were obviously the backs of other "pews of state" (the front ones being modern), while wrought-iron sword rests fixed to the first pews on either side of the aisle, and to the top two, plus in the latter case Lions and Unicorns, also obviously adorned pews of far greater importance.

Note the font with a cover which tapers just like a Victorian soup tureen, and the carved and canopied pulpit (which replaced some sixty years ago another just like it). On the right, at the extreme south-east corner by which the Vestry is approached, you will see that the "pew of state" which is now the choir stall backs on to the Vestry approach in such a way as to make of it a narrow passage or "lane."

Now see how the Uncommercial's description of his first visit to these City churches fits in with this one.

Having come, perhaps by St. Paul's along Cannon Street, perhaps by Cheapside to, say, Walbrook and so by any "one of the many narrow, hilly streets . . . . . that tend due south to the Thames," he says, "I choose my church, and go up the flight of steps to the great entrance in the tower. A mouldy tower within, and like a neglected wash-house. A rope comes through the beamed roof . . . . . Through a screen of wood and glass, I peep into the dim church . . . . . the font . . . . . its wooden cover (shaped like an old-fashioned tureen-cover), looks as if it wouldn't come off . . . . . Entering . . . . . I jostle the clergyman in his canonicals, who is entering too from a dark lane behind a pew of state . . . . . Organ loft is in a small gallery across the church . . . . . "

Then the Uncommercial notices "a pale heap of books" in the corner of his pew, dated 1754, and has one of his inimitable soliloquies upon the Dowgate and Comport families, wondering why Jane, if fond of Young Dowgate, died and left her prayer-book there, as if he really believed lovers immortal! He wonders if "she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it has not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected?"

But note the names: the steep little street, the continuation of Walbrook to the Thames, is called "Dowgate" (apparently derived from the locality and not a family) and it will be remembered that the little graves of Pip's brothers whom he thought had "died with their hands in their trousers pockets," were found by the late Col. Gadd to have belonged to the Comport family of Cooling.

The reference to "invisible snuff" made up of decay, in which he feels "dead citizens in the vaults below" are included, is characteristically Dickensian.

The chapter on these City churches should be read again and again if one is to banish the years, the wars, the changes created by "restoration," and thus, see this dear little City church as the Uncommercial saw it, the dusty clerk, sleepy clergyman, choir children and simple people, so different from those of our day.

II.

"Another Sunday," continues the Uncommercial and by inference we are to suppose him again in the "Whittington area." Let us examine this area. Walking east from the Mansion House Station along Cannon Street, by taking the third right-hand turning and crossing over Cloak Lane one reaches College Hill on the left of which stands the church of ST. MICHAEL PATERNOSTER ROYAL, also being restored after severe war damage.

Next door, on the north of this church, once stood the house of Richard Whittington, famous in history and legend, four times Lord Mayor of London. He left monies to build a church and a college for priests. The former, on the site we are now considering, was rebuilt after the Great Fire of London. The college, standing north of this church, became an almshouse after the Dissolution, was also rebuilt after the Fire, and in 1808 the Mercers (Whittington's Company) used it as their school, which was only removed in 1894, long after Dickens's day. The Wren entrance may still be seen.

Near to this Church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal is the Vintners' Hall, in Upper Thames Street, and at the bottom of College Hill and facing Upper Thames Street, once stood the Church of St. Martin Vintry, destroyed by the Great Fire of London and not rebuilt. I will speak of its little churchyard later on.

St. Michael Paternoster Royal therefore affords hospitality to St. Martin, the Patron Saint of the Vine, and the Vintners hold their annual service—with stately, colourful ritual—alternately in his adopted home and in St. James's, Garlickhithe, which we first visited. The presence of the wine trade, dating back to A.D. 900, is further emphasized in the strangely named Church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal—"Royal" being a corruption of La Riole, or La Reole, in Bordeaux, whence wine came.

Note, then, how the Uncommercial's description of this second church he visits fits in with the known facts about St. Michael Paternoster Royal:—

By courtesy of [*Constable Ltd.*

St. Michael Paternoster Royal
from College Street

It is "oddly put away in a corner among a number of lanes—a smaller church than the last and an ugly of about the date of Queen Anne." (St. Michael's is a Wren church.) He says the congregation includes "an exhausted charity school in a gallery, which has dwindled away to four boys and two girls" (remember the Mercer's School next door) and that, "In the porch is a benefaction of loaves of bread." Before the war low benches flanked the entrance for just this purpose. Further, he notes that "two or three exhausted doors and windows have been bricked up and the service books are musty and the pulpit cushions are threadbare and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion." When the church was restored in 1866, just after the Uncommercial was writing, four windows were inserted and records speak emphatically of the decayed and threadbare condition of the furnishings, while in the nineties two blocked-up windows were reopened.

"The clergyman," the Uncommercial says, "is perhaps the chaplain of a civic company; he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and comet vintages." (Remember the Vintry Ward within which this church stands, the nearby Vintners' Company and its annual services, with St. Martin actually, if spiritually lodged at St. Michael Paternoster Royal.)

There follows on this Sunday morning, when "the unmarried tradesman sits looking out at window and the married tradesman sits looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another," a charming little reminiscence to which I will return in a few minutes since it concerns yet another church we may locate.

Therefore, we will jump to the finale, when the sleepy service ending,

" in a minute more it is all over . . . . . we are all of us out of the church, and Whity-brown has locked it up. Another minute . . . . . "

Only a minute, and leaving St. Michael Paternoster Royal behind, continuing down the Hill and right into Upper Thames Street, you will find all that remains, in a shocking state of rubble and neglect, of a dear little churchyard, the sole reminder of ST. MARTIN VINTRY, burnt in the Fire of London as I have already said. It was like " A great . . . . . old mignonette box " (I have omitted the word " shabby " because just before the war it was not so, being well cared for and, if one may use such terms of a graveyard, having a cosy, comfortable look about its greenery, its one seat and one or two tombstones, that invited one to pause and rest).

Here, you remember, the Uncommercial met Whity-brown in his private capacity " fetching a pint of beer for his dinner from the public house in the corner," and sure enough, on the opposite corner stands the blitzed remains of a public house. It had no particular appearance of age about it before the war, I must admit, but it could easily have been there in Dickens's day, or have replaced an earlier hostelry. In any case, the combination of the Whittington Church churchyard reached therefrom " in another minute " and public house at the corner is significant.

Now let us return to that little bit of day dreaming in which the Uncommercial indulged while he sat in St. Michael Paternoster Royal, listening to the clergyman " of prandial presence and a muffled voice," and " the lovers sit looking at one another, so superlatively happy, that . . . . ." well, what ? I think it is that the Uncommercial's thoughts fly back to a time when *he* was " turned of eighteen," when as a young reporter of great promise and greater ardour, he was courting the wayward Maria Beadnell. Is it not easy to imagine their taking a walk one showery Sunday morning and seeking the quieter lanes as lovers ever will and a shower threatening the bewitching (of *course* it was a bewitching) bonnet, popping inside the open door of a church, and a church having ever a great significance to those in love, going right in and joining in the service ?

Could this have taken place ? Why, certainly it could. The Uncommercial says he remembers it " for that it was in Huggin Lane " (some eight or ten minutes from where Maria lived and but a few minutes from St. Michael Paternoster Royal, where the memory of it came back to him).

Having left the little churchyard of St. Martin in the Vintry and passing the Vintners' Company in Upper Thames Street, you will find Huggin Lane (now Huggin Hill) on the right of that Street. At this corner and in Dickens's day, stood the Church of ST. MICHAEL QUEENHITHE. It was pulled down in 1896 and replaced by a vicarage which in its turn gave place to offices. Each time the ball, vane and ship which surmounted St. Michael Queenhithe were placed above the succeeding building, and it may be seen to this day. The quiet little churchyard remains, with a parish room at its north end, which, however, may not have existed in the Uncommercial's day.

However, as one stands by the shady churchyard, looking up the narrow old lane, it is easy to see those youthful lovers coming down, to banish the block of offices and see instead the Wren church into which they disappear. It is easy to see amid the gloom within, the soft light of love's young dream as the Uncommercial remembered it while sitting in St. Michael Paternoster Royal, " . . . . . when I said to my Angelica, ' Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this ! ' and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred anywhere. And O, Angelica, what has become of you, this present Sunday morning

when I can't attend to the sermon ; and, more difficult question than that, what has become of Me as I was when I sat by your side ? " What a lot may be concealed in those last words !

Gone are the church, the lovers and the dream, but some echo of it may still be caught, standing quietly in that narrow lane.*

III.

What of those other churches touched on more lightly than the foregoing ? These are more difficult to trace, but most certainly played their part in these visits. That church, for instance, to which the " City personage " went, accompanied by a " mysterious child." So particular and curious is their description and the Uncommercial's fancy about them that one feels sure some such couple attracted him. He said that he remembered the church because " the clergyman couldn't get to his own desk without going through the clerk's, or couldn't get to the pulpit without going through the reading-desk—I forget which." The only church having any such a peculiarity is ALL HALLOWS-IN-THE-WALL, standing a little way along London Wall going from Bishopsgate. There the clergyman cannot get into the pulpit without going into the vestry. The " little side-door " leading to " cellarous steps " might have been placed on the eastern side of the church, against which buildings have been erected. The Uncommercial describes the dwellingplace of the strange couple, whom he followed there one Sunday, and I wish I could trace it for I feel sure it existed. He says that five great churches and two small ones stood between it and this particular one they chose to visit, a " quarter of a mile " away, but it is impossible to locate it in a city then crowded with churches and old houses.

ST. MARGARET PATTENS may have been the church " near Mincing Lane " which " smelt like a druggist's drawer," as this Lane might have smelt right up to the war, associated as it was with spices, tea and sugar. It will be remembered that Bella Wilfer had " the sensation of having just opened a drawer in a chemist's shop " when she went to Mincing Lane.

" The churches about Mark Lane," in which one could detect a dry whiff of wheat (the Corn Exchange is in this Lane) would have been All HALLOWS STAINING at the top of this Lane, St. Olave's, Hart Street, just off it, and ALL HALLOWS, BARKING, just across the way from its southern end ; while the " flavour of damaged oranges . . . . . tempered into herrings . . . . . gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish " still may be noticed in ST. MARY-AT-HILL or even ST. DUNSTAN-IN-THE-EAST, " behind " (that is, east of) " the Monument."

I do not find " the exact counterpart of the church in Rake's Progress " so easy to locate. The old parish church of St. Marylebone has been suggested but the particular type of window shown in that picture and the small glimpse one has of woodwork amid the gloom, form a setting one could easily place in many a Wren church. But the reference to " the perfume of hides . . . . . from some adjacent warehouse " which the " organ shook " over the congregation indicates a church somewhere in the vicinity of the present Beaver House (off Queen Victoria Street by Mansion House Station), the fur trade centre of the Hudson Bay Company, and therefore most probably was ST. MILDRED, Bread Street, which was demolished after being damaged during the war. Besides its proximity to fur warehouses, it had certain features which would have fitted Dickens's description. Or it might have been ST. ANTHOLIN at the corner of Budge Row,

* See *The Dickensian*, 1941, p. 125.

which was demolished in 1874, or even ST. MARY ABCHURCH, Abchurch Lane, which has windows, woodwork and a certain atmosphere which reminds one of the Church of the Rake's Progress and neither of which is far from fur warehouses; but I still incline to St. Mildred's, not only as reminiscent of that Hogarth interior but because it is or was, nearer to the fur warehouses. The distinctive areas of a number of trades have not greatly altered since Dickens's day.

Incidentally, it is a curious fact that Addison married the Dowager Countess of Warwick at the Church of St. Edmund King and Martyr, Lombard Street, in 1716. She had been a widow for fifteen years and their lives subsequently were notoriously miserable. "The Rake's Progress" was painted in 1731. But I do not think that Dickens had this church in mind, although it certainly is near the fur trade area.

Nor can I satisfy myself about "the church where the sails of the oyster boats in the river almost flapped against the windows." If we stick strictly to "City" churches the only possible one in this case would have been St. Magnus the Martyr, much more a part of the water's edge then, and especially in Dickens's earlier days before the building of the new London Bridge, not to speak of the adjacent wharf where the "Ankworks package" lay. If we stretch the City's boundary, we may have a clue from *Oliver Twist*, in the sentence "Near to that part of the Thames on which the Church of Rotherhithe abuts . . . . . beyond Dockhead . . . . . stands Jacob's Island." Or if we *are* going across the water, St. Olaves, Tooley Street, now demolished, would have been nearer still to the water's edge.

As to the church "where the railroad made the bells hum as the train rushed by above the roof," I cannot help feeling that this suggests SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, St. Saviours as it was then, where trains still make a considerable disturbance. Certainly this is not a "City church," as it is just over London Bridge; but in Dickens's day Southwark was far more a part of the life of the City than now and I fancy the Uncommercial would not have made any distinction about it. You will remember that in the beginning of the chapter, speaking of the few churches which he could name, he mentions this as the "church of old Gower's tomb."

It is still possible to share some experiences with the Uncommercial Traveller, "in the gentle rain or the bright sunshine—either deepening the idleness of the idle city," and to sit "in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir." One still may peep into "dark vestries and registries" and feel as he did when he wrote, "In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window . . . . . has seen them all out." "Little hemmed-in churchyards" may yet echo to our feet, and we can see tombs which have been "remembered long enough," so that the names have "cracked out."

Such thoughts as that "There are few more striking indications of the changes . . . . . that two or three hundred years have brought about, than these deserted churches," and "No one can be sure of the coming time," touch us as acutely as they touched him, and while there *is*, despite his pessimism, a "reflux to these churches" in a way he could not have forseen, they are still deserted enough at times, and "are worth a Sunday exploration now and then."

DICKENS AND MACREADY'S *LEAR*

By LESLIE C. STAPLES

THAT Dickens had the greatest admiration for the art of Macready is well known, as he was very often at the theatre to see him act, both in front and also in the great actor's dressing-room, and he published more than one critical estimate of his friend's histrionic powers.

An early tribute (1838) is readily accessible to readers and I have been doing a little detective work to trace a later one (1849). I hope that readers of *The Dickensian* will be interested enough to accompany me in my researches.

In 1908 B. W. Matz collected under the title *Miscellaneous Papers* a number of articles by Dickens, till then unacknowledged, contributed to various magazines and periodicals, and among them included from *The Examiner* of February 4th, 1838, "The Restoration of Shakespeare's 'Lear' to the Stage." This performance had taken place at Covent Garden on January 25th and was notable as it was the occasion of the re-appearance of the part of the Fool that had been omitted from stage-presentations of the play for over one hundred and fifty years.

In "Dramatic Essays" (1896), edited by William Archer and Robert W. Lowe, who may not have had Matz's sources of information, the same article is included (in Vol. III) but is attributed to John Forster, the editor of *The Examiner*.

The late James Agate, who also included it in his anthology "The English Dramatic Critics" (1932) also gives Forster the credit for being the author. When I asked him what grounds he had for the ascription his reply was non-committal and evasive, and I concluded that he had not seen Matz's *Miscellaneous Papers* and had copied from Archer and Rowe's book.

The catalogue of the Dickens Centenary Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1912 contains an entry of the original manuscript of an article in Dickens's hand, of which the cataloguer's note says that the performance referred to in the article took place at the Haymarket Theatre on October 24th, 1839, and that the criticism appeared in *The Examiner* on October 27th, 1849.

With regard to *Miscellaneous Papers*, Matz says in his introduction to the collection: "Everything is reprinted [from *The Examiner*] that can be traced under Forster's guidance, and in hunting these out from the files of his old paper, we have been a little more fortunate than previous searchers. . . . Both Kitton and Shepherd were unable to trace the following articles *the MSS. of which are in the Forster Collection* (the italics are mine) [seven articles, and among them (4) Macready as 'King Lear'] . . . The fourth appeared under the title "Restoration of Shakespeare's Lear to the Stage." This sent me to Macready's own Diaries, where I found that, oddly enough, the actor himself does not mention anything of this remarkable occasion on January 25th, 1838, but writes on February 2nd: "Read over *King Lear*. Went to the theatre and acted King Lear pretty well; was called for, and very enthusiastically received."

But when I come to the Centenary Exhibition Catalogue I find a manifest mistake. To begin with, a gap of ten years between a performance and the criticism thereon is quite out of the question. Reference to the files of *The Examiner* reveals that it did appear on October 27th, 1849, the performance having taken place three days earlier. The MS. in the Forster Collection (48-B-29, pp. 91-94) is in Dickens's handwriting and is therefore almost certainly his own work; a copy is appended. Macready's Diary of October 16th of that year

(1849) records: "Rehearsed King Lear with several characters absent and several not cast." But he has no entry regarding the performance. It was not quite the last time that he was to act the part, as in 1850 he notes on November 2nd: "Acted King Lear in my best manner; I do not know that I ever played it altogether better . . . I felt the mighty character." Within three months he had retired finally from the stage.

Macready as *Lear*
from *Macready's Diaries*
(by courtesy of Chapman and Hall, Ltd.)

Now the puzzling thing is that, although I discovered this hitherto uncollected later MS. dated October, 1849, I could not find the earlier one dated February, 1838, mentioned by Matz. Mr. Arthur Wheen, the Keeper of the Library, who has given me every assistance in this matter, tells me that there is no evidence that it was ever in the Forster Collection. Why had Matz not seen the later one? And where did he see the original of the article he reproduced in *Miscellaneous Papers*? In other words what authority could he have for the ascription to Dickens of the article he reprinted? (I admit the internal evidence of the resemblance to Dickens's own style). On

what evidence did Archer and Lowe ascribe it to Forster ?—evidence which apparently satisfied Agate when he published his anthology. Unfortunately, there is no Contributors' Book for *The Examiner* to which to turn for guidance, leastways not at South Kensington. I confess myself quite at a loss. Can any reader of *The Dickensian* help ?

Meanwhile, I reproduce for the first time the article I did find, which I have every reason to believe is genuinely Dickens's own work :

HAYMARKET THEATRE

Mr. Macready appeared on Wednesday Evening in King Lear. The House was crowded in every part before the rising of the curtain and he was received with deafening enthusiasm. The emotions awakened in the audience by his magnificent performance, and often demonstrated during its progress, did not exhaust their spirits. At the close of the Tragedy, they rose in a mass to greet him with a burst of applause that made the building ring.

Of the many great impersonations with which Mr. Macready is associated and which he is now, unhappily for dramatic art in England, presenting for the last time, perhaps his Lear is the finest. The deep and subtle consideration he has given to the whole noble play, is visible in all he says and does. From his rash renunciation of the gentle daughter who can only love him and be silent, to his falling dead beside her, unbound from the rack of this tough world, a more affecting, truthful and awful picture never surely was presented on the stage.

"The greatness of Lear," writes Charles Lamb, "is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual ; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano : they are storms, turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on ; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage."

Not so in the performance of Wednesday night. It was the mind of Lear on which we looked. The heart, soul and brain of the ruin'd piece of nature, in all the stages of its ruining, were bare before us. What Lamb writes of the character might have been written of this representation of it and been a faithful description.

To say of such a performance that this or that point is most observable in it for its excellence, is hardly to do justice to a piece of art so complete and beautiful. The tenderness, the rage, the madness, the remorse and sorrow, all came of one another and are linked together in a chain. Only of such tenderness, could come such rage ; of both combined, such madness ; of such a strife of passions and affections, the pathetic cry :

Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia ;

only of such recognition and its sequel, such a broken heart.

Some years have elapsed since we first noticed Miss Horton's acting of the Fool, restored to the play, as one of its most affecting and necessary features, under Mr. Macready's management at Covent Garden. It has lost nothing in the interval. It would be difficult indeed to praise so exquisite and delicate an assumption too highly.

Miss Reynolds appeared as Cordelia for the first time, and was not (except in her appearance) very effective. Mr. Stuart played Kent, and, but for fully justifying his banishment by his uproarious demeanour towards his sovereign, played it well. Mr. Wallack was a highly meritorious Edgar. We have never seen the part so well played. His manner of delivering the description of Dover cliff—watching his blind father the while, and not looking as if he saw the scene he describes, as it is the manner of most Edgars to do—was particularly sensible and good. Mr. Howe played with great spirit and Mrs. Warner was most wickedly beautiful in Goneril.

The play was carefully and well presented and its effect upon the audience hardly to be conceived.

[The above is from Dickens's MS. which varies slightly from the printed version in *The Examiner*.]

NOTES ON THE *PICKWICK PAPERS*

By T. W. HILL

(*continued from page* 36)

Chapter XII

1. THAT'S THE PINT . . . AS THE FATHER SAID. Sam's ludicrous comparisons, known since his time as "Wellerisms," are a development of a form of humour that was much in favour at the period before Dickens arose to fame: it was common both on the stage and in literature. Even Bulwer and Scott indulged in it. Here are two examples from one chapter XXVII) of *Rob Roy* (1817). Andrew Fairservice, the sturdy old independent gardener, says: "Ower mony maisters, as the paddock said to the harrow when every tooth gae her a tig" (a tig is a twitch or spasm), and again: "There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart."

2. FARDEN. The Cockney pronunciation of farthing, the smallest copper coin, and therefore something of the least worth. James I debased the coinage by issuing brass farthings, and these became the synonym for something quite worthless. "I won't ge her a hapenny, not the twentieth part of a brass farden," said Squire Western in *Tom Jones* (Book VI, Chap. 10).

3. TWELVE POUNDS A YEAR. Quite a good wage for the period. Sam had a home, plenty to eat and drink, two suits a year, and, as he said: "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do," and to Sergeant Buzfuz: "A wery good service it is." In the early nineteenth century domestic servants were to be had in plenty, and £10 a year was the average for men and a somewhat lower rate for females. Servants often stayed all their lives with one employer (Trevelyan).

4. CONVENIENT EMPORIUMS. It will be noted that the outfitters were open for business after eight o'clock.

5. HAT WITH A COCKADE. The cockade is worn in England by servants of Royalty, peers, naval and military officers, and holders of some office of dignity under the Crown, such as Privy Councillors, judges, deputy lieutenants, etc. In which category was Pickwick included? So far as we know he was only a retired business man.

Chapter XIII

1. EATANSWILL. The original of this town of dubious prestige, if it had an original, has been much debated; the rival claims of Ipswich and Sudbury have been canvassed, and the general consensus of opinion seems to be that Sudbury has the best evidence to offer. See *Dickensian*, 1907, 1908.

2. OUR DISTINGUISHED PUBLISHERS. A gratuitous advertisement for Chapman and Hall, of course; they had recently issued a set of Pocket County Maps.

3. OUR WORTHLESS CONTEMPORARY. The epithets and abuse showered upon each other by the *Gazette* and the *Independent* may seem far-fetched, but they are very little exaggerated, as a brief examination of old newspaper files will reveal. The *London Magazine*, 1752, has in the preface: "such poor, maimed, sickly and miserable Opponents . . . like a Weed in the Desert which lives and dies without offending Anyone with its Stink." Disraeli wrote of the editor of *The Globe* newspaper: "No, sir, it is not my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of *The Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body; to make him eat dirt, and his own words, fouler than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of whig politics." In 1907 an Eatanswill Club was formed at Sudbury and produced an "Eatanswill Gazette" in which was a humorous travesty of the journalism of a century ago.

4. SMART FELLOW. Mr. Perker never underrated the quality of his opponent. See how he admired Dodson and Fogg in Chapter XXXI.

5. PARASOLS AT 7S. 6D. APIECE. Quite an ordinary price for the period. A query arises: Should the parasols not have been blue, Mr. Slumkey's colour?

6. ECARTE. An admirable card-game for two players only.

7. WHERE WAS YOU HALF-BAPTIZED? Half-baptized is the popular

name for a shortened form of the " Private Baptism of Children in Houses " resorted to in cases of emergency such as danger of imminent death. See the Rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer : " Yet nevertheless, if the Child, which after this sort baptized, do afterwards live, it is expedient that it be brought into the Church to the intent that . . . the Congregation may be certified of the True Form of Baptism." It will be remembered that in *Sketches by Boz* Dickens relates that Our Curate " got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one night in the depth of winter to half-baptize a washer-woman's child in a slop-basin." From association, half-baptized acquired a figurative humorous meaning of half-educated, inexperienced, green, and in this sense Sam used it with reference to Mr. Pickwick's lack of common knowledge. In later times there was a phrase with a similar meaning : " Where was you half dragged-up ? " *Cf.* half-baked, half-rocked, etc.

8. HUSTINGS. Husting was the Anglo-Saxon word for a Council or meeting. The hustings was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a temporary platform erected usually in an open space such as a market-place, from which parliamentary candidates addressed their constituents at election times. Then the presiding official asked for a show of hands, and if the result was inconclusive a poll was demanded. Each qualified voter was handed a ballot ball and then recorded his vote publicly by placing it in a box provided for the purpose. Hogarth's well-known picture, though a satire, shows the procedure exactly. Secret voting as now practised was instituted when the Hustings was abolished by the Ballot Act of 1872.

9. SPRING-VANS. Four-wheeled carts mounted on springs, with a hood or permanent covering, and drawn by one horse : it is used mostly by trades-people ; ordinary carts had no springs.

CHAPTER XIV

1. COMMERCIAL ROOM. The apartment in an inn used as a common sitting- or dining-room by commercial travellers, called at that time bagmen. Nowadays it is more comfortable, better furnished, but Dickens's description of conditions in his early manhood is correct to the last detail.

2. WATCH-BOX. A wooden sentry-box used by the night-watchmen for shelter in inclement weather.

3. HALF A WAFER. Everyone had to use a wafer made of paste to fasten letters before the days of envelopes and gum.

4. DRIVING-BOXES. Boxes fitted to the seat of a chaise or a coach to hold small belongings of the driver. Being moveable they were often brought into the inns to prevent theft.

5. LARGE DUTCH PIPE. The Dutch people effect long pipes, and Percy FitzGerald says that churchwarden pipes are meant on account of their length. See also Chapter XLIX, note 1.

6. NECK-OR-NOTHING GIG. Tom Smart was evidently a man who would get to his objective whatever the circumstances. (See Chapter IV, note 2.) This inserted short story opens almost in the way G. P R. James begins his novel *Richelieu* (1829) : " One winter's evening . . . along the road."

7. MARLBOROUGH DOWNS. A range of hills of chalk about 800 ft. high, stretching in a north-easterly direction from Marlborough in Wiltshire across Berkshire for nearly twenty miles. They are much exposed to the weather.

8. TWO-PENNY POST-OFFICE PONY. The ordinary postman was never mounted. Ponies were used for the conveyance of bags of letters from one office to another, and sometimes in country districts for ordinary collection and delivery when the distance was too great for walking ; a few still survive in remote parts of the Scottish Highlands. A cartoon of 1828 shows a man dressed like a postillion riding on a pony and blowing a horn.

9. CATEATON STREET, CITY. The name until 1845 of that portion of Gresham Street from Old Jewry to Milk Street. Its earliest name was Catte Street, corruptly called Catteton Streete (Stowe).

10. MAKE THE BOYS SLOPE WELL. The " copy-book " of the period had at the head of each page letters or phrases (usually proverbs or moral precepts) as patterns, while below there were ruled lines and sloped guiding lines to enable the pupil to keep the up and down strokes parallel. These sloped lines were omitted in the advanced stages.

11. ROAD-SIDE INN. This is said to be the Waggon and Horses at Beckhampton, a tiny hamlet six miles from Marlborough. It still stands,

although perhaps to prevent its exact identification, the Bagman ends his tale by stating that the "old house was pulled down."

12. BRIGHT BASKET BUTTONS. These were made of metal impressed with a pattern resembling woven wicker-work, and thickly gilt; they went out of fashion about the middle of the nineteenth century.

13. FOR AND DURING. Here is an example of Dickens's fondness for using some of the legal phrases with which he became familiar in his youth. "For and during the whole remainder of the term of his natural life."

14. A LITTLE GALL . . . A reference to one of the "humours." Hippocrates, the most celebrated physician of antiquity (he lived from B.C. 460 to B.C. 357), taught that man was influenced by four "humours" blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile, and that unless these were well-balanced, disease and illness would develop. An undue preponderance of blood made a person sanguine, of phlegm phlegmatic, of yellow bile bitter and disagreeable, and of black bile melancholy. A person was good-tempered or bad-tempered according to the proportion or mixture of the humours. These ideas permeated all thought and affected all medicine till about the seventeenth century, and still persist in common speech, although of course they have long been dispelled by more enlightened scientific medicine.

15. DINNER . . . TOSSED UP. A homely expression well known to housewives for hastily-prepared meals: the tossing up refers to the stirring of the contents of a frying or stewpan, as well as to the mixing of the ingredients.

16. SUPERANNUATED MONKEY. Superannuated carries the meaning of decrepit, infirm, as these accompaniments of old age are often the reason for the receipt of a retiring allowance.

CHAPTER XV

1. DOCTOR FAUSTUS. Faustus, in Christopher Marlowe's drama, made a compact with the Devil by which he gains all his desires for twenty-four years, and then dies as the time expires, and so falls irrevocably into the Devil's hands.

2. MR. PICKWICK, I PRESUME. H. M. Stanley must have read *Pickwick Papers* before he greeted the great explorer in the centre of Africa in 1871 with the ever-remembered "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

3. "FEASTS OF REASON, SIR, AND FLOWS OF SOUL." A quotation from the Imitations of Horace by Alexander Pope:

> "The St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The St. John was Viscount Bolingbroke.

4. ODE TO AN EXPIRING FROG. In 1825 there was published "Gaieties and Gravities by One of the Authors of *Rejected Addresses*." This was Horace Smith. Dickens probably knew the work well (see also Chapter XLIII, note 11), and may possibly have composed Mrs. Leo Hunter's Ode with a lingering thought in his mind of a poem called "To a log of Wood upon the Fire." Consider the following extracts from verses 2 and 10, here purposely put in conjunction:

> "Poor Log! I cannot see thee sigh,
> And groan, and hiss, and see thee die . . .
> The hatchet, with remorseless blow
> First laid thee in the forest low,
> Then cut thee into logs—and so
> Thy course was ended."

This discovery is due to F. G. Kitton, who communicated it to the *Athenæum* in July, 1903.

5. L AND EIGHT STARS (L********). Quite a fashionable method with writers who were not averse from allowing their anonymity to be easily penetrated.

6. MINERVA. "With a fan." The patroness of all the arts and the Goddess of Wisdom was usually represented wearing a helmet, a shield and a coat of mail.

7. ALL FOUNDERS OF CLUBS. A rather wide meaning for the respective schools of philosophy. PLATO'S school in the gymnasium at Athens became known as the Academy; ZENO founded a school for the teaching of a Stoic philosophy; EPICURUS established a school of philosophy that the highest

good is peace of mind as the result of cultivating all the virtues; and PYTHAGORAS formed a select brotherhood or club of 300 members bound together by a vow to cultivate the religious and ascetic observances which he enjoined. All these four great teachers flourished three centuries or more before the Christian Era.

8. AS APOLLO. Apollo is said by some traditions to have invented the lyre: he was here impersonated by a woman in a white satin gown with spangles. Winkle's light-red coat was a change from his customary green jemmy.

9. CARRIAGE; CHARIOT. A nice distinction; a carriage, really a coach, as it was covered, for the Pickwickians, and an open chariot for Mr. Pott and his wife.

10. GENERAL POSTMAN. These postmen, officially known as letter carriers, wore a copy of the Royal livery—they carried His Majesty's Mails—a scarlet tail-coat with gold braid, and a beaver top-hat with a gold band. (See also Chapter II, note 22.)

11. PASTEBOARD CAPS. These were probably pill-box caps, such as were worn by cavalry for undress; many private bands affected them for their smart appearance.

12. SOMETHINGEAN SINGERS. What a beautiful stroke at the "native" singers masquerading under foreign names, clad "in the costume of their country."

13. COUNT SMORLTORK. A telling skit on the travellers who after the briefest of journeys write long accounts of their wanderings. *Punch*, October 12th, 1895, hits out at the species in a poem entitled Smorltorkiana:

"The Smorltork race have multiplied
Since Dickens wrote about them,
They prate and rate on ever side:
Fools read, and wise men doubt them.
To every land, *from* every land
Post-haste the prattlers travel,
They take a week to understand,
A fortnight to unravel,
A month, at most, to write a book
That sums up all creation:
They fathom England in a look,
And France in a sensation . . ."

Dickens did not forget them when he placed among the dummy bookbacks at Tavistock House and later at Gad's Hill Place "Five Minutes in China, 3 vols."

14. BAKER'S PATENT. A well-known make of mangle at the time, consisting of a heavily-weighted box about six feet long, on wooden rollers, operating along a polished board supported on a sturdy frame. Sloppy, in *Our Mutual Friend*, worked a machine of this type for Betty Higden, and Mantalini in *Nicholas Nickleby* knew in later life the joys of the hard work entailed by its manipulation.

CHAPTER XVI

1. DRY ARCHES OF WATERLOO BRIDGE. This was of course when the bridge was first built in 1817; the arches beneath the bridge-approaches were vacant for a few years, but were soon occupied as stores, etc. Some were used for the cultivation of mushrooms. All this disappeared when the bridge was removed to be replaced by the present structure opened in 1946.

2. BRITISH HOLLANDS. Gin. The compound of gin and cloves was apparently prepared in a pewter mug and then dispensed into the glasses: Sam and Job had three glasses apiece, and then Sam had the pewter mug refilled. This they must have finished before they went to Mr. Pickwick, and neither of them was apparently overcome by six glasses of ardent spirit.

3. INDESCRIBABLES. One of the many euphemisms for trousers, used by Victorians from motives of what was considered delicacy and also because for many years after their introduction in the eighteenth century trousers were not recognised as full dress, the correct wear for which was knee breeches, silk stockings, and shoes. One recalls the furore that was caused by Mrs. Bloomer because her—indescribables—showed below her skirt and reached nearly to her boot tops. Trousers were also alluded to as inexpressibles, unmentionables, etc.

4. TREE ON HIS RIGHT. Another tree on his left, a third before him and a fourth behind him. How did this happen, when Mr. Pickwick had "retired to the angle of the wall?"

5. GROVE OF SANDWICH-BAGS. It must be assumed that the day-boarders, when they left school in the evening, had taken their bonnets and

shawls, but had forgotten their sandwich-bags. Did they all go without luncheon the following day ?

Chapter XVII

1. TEACHING A LITTLE LEARNING. The parish clerk in former times often doubled his duties with those of school teacher. The schoolmaster who befriended Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop* also held the office of parish clerk.

2. HEAD IN A WIG. A wig as a part of a bishop's costume survived till the early nineteenth century, the last instance known being Archbishop Sumner, who wore his wig at a Royal Wedding in 1858.

3. SARACENIC AND FEROCIOUS MANNER. The adjective saracenic probably alludes to the bloodthirsty expression of the Saracen's Head inn sign.

Chapter XVIII

1. BRITANNIA METAL TEAPOT. Britannia metal is an alloy invented in 1770, made of about 90 per cent. tin with antimony and copper in small proportions. It is hard and takes a good polish simulating silver ; it also provides a good base for electro plating.

2. TAPPING IT. One of the symptoms, real or affected, of hysterics. See Chapter X, note 18.

3. FREEMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL. A short turning on the north side of Cornhill and near the Bank of England. It was demolished in 1842 to make space for the new Royal Exchange.

4. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. A division of the High Court of Justice dealing with civil processes, election petitions, etc. : since 1873 it has been absorbed in the King's Bench Division.

5. THE HEMPEROR. Only twice in the course of the book does Sam give his master this honorific title : here and in Chapter LII.

Chapter XIX

1. A GLASS OF PUNCH. Dickens's own recipe for punch will be found in *The Dickensian*, 1905, pages 205-6.

2. HAVING DRANK. The use of the preterite drank instead of the past tense drunk was quite common during the eighteenth century, but is now only heard, and that occasionally, among the less educated. There was perhaps a feeling of the possible vulgarity of drunk with all its implications. (See also Chapter XXXVII, note 4.)

3. TRESPASSER AND SPRING-GUNS. The board referred to by Captain Boldwig would announce : " Man-traps and spring-guns set here." A man-trap resembled a huge rat-trap about four feet long, and a spring-gun having been cocked could be let off by either tripping on the trigger or by catching the foot in a concealed string attached to the trigger. Since 1827 their use is illegal.

4. WHEEL HIM TO THE POUND. A few examples of the old-fashioned pound can be seen in country-places : it was an enclosure within wooden rails, in which stray cattle or other beasts could be confined until claimed. Hampstead pound is still preserved.

Chapter XX

1. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEYS. This description of Dodson and Fogg was correct for the period. Attorneys were those legal gentlemen who represented litigants in the Courts of Common Law and retained counsel on their behalf. The Act of 1873 that incorporated the Court of Common Pleas in the King's Bench Division also superseded the term attorney by the designation solicitor.

2. MIXING A SEIDLITZ POWDER. One can only suppose that this was a corrective to the excesses of the previous evening, the dissipations of the " salaried clerk " and the " middle-aged copying clerk " mentioned in the prelude to Chapter XXXI.

3. ONE-PAIR BACK. Mr. Fogg's room was upstairs at the rear of the house. It will be remembered that, in *David Copperfield*, Mr. Jorkins " had a dingy little black-hole of his own upstairs."

4. PRAECIPE BOOK. From Latin praecipere, to admonish, enjoin. The record of notes containing particulars of writs to be filed with the Court, compiled from the instructions given by a client to a solicitor.

5. DIFFERENT BOXES. The boxes were the compartments in which customers sat at table. The system is now nearly obsolete and has been superseded by separate tables in an apartment devoid of partitions. There are still some old-fashioned "coffee-shops" whose customers seem to prefer the constricted accommodation that boxes afford.

6. BLACK BOY AT CHELMSFORD. One of the best known inns on the Essex Road. It was demolished in 1857 and a modern public house now occupies the site: the old signboard is still in use. A glance at the map will provide the reader with a puzzle to know why Jingle, having fled from Eatanswill (Sudbury, or Bury St. Edmunds) came to be at Chelmsford to mount the coach for Ipswich. It was right out of his way; Chelmsford is 40 and Sudbury only 26 miles from Ipswich.

7. BULL IN WHITECHAPEL. This famous inn was in Aldgate. When the railway was constructed to the eastern counties, the Bull could not compete with them, and it was demolished in 1868; its site is marked by No. 25 Aldgate.

8. CLARE MARKET. Near Lincoln's Inn Fields, Clare Market was established in 1657; after 1860 it declined and was closed in 1900 for the construction of Kingsway, but the name persists.

9. MAGPIE AND STUMP. The original of this inn will probably never be known—if it had an original—although several guesses have been advanced. There never was a house of this name in the district, although its whereabouts is noted with fairly full detail; anyway the district has been much altered. Perhaps Dickens borrowed the name from the Magpie and Stump in Old Bailey, in the same way that he borrowed the name of the Maypole in *Barnaby Rudge*.

10. DANTZIC SPRUCE. Spruce-beer, also known as Black-beer, is made from essence of the green buds of the black spruce-fir dissolved in a strong syrup, with the addition of yeast to start fermentation, and flavoured with spices. Dantzic spruce-beer, the most famous, is said to have anti-scorbutic properties.

11. MOSAIC STUDS. Probably Dickens's fancy name for a style of jewellery affected by certain classes of Jews; "loud" in taste with perhaps extra large "diamonds."

CHAPTER XXI

1. CLIFFORD'S INN. An Inn of Chancery, behind St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. It dated from 1345. The hall was damaged in the Great Fire of London, 1666, and in 1767 a new hall was erected on the old foundations. The Inn was dissolved in 1903. Clifford's Inn housed the Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship from 1918-1925, and the hall was used for the meetings of the members. In 1935 the Inn was demolished and replaced by blocks of flats and offices; only the gateway remains.

2. MARSHALSEA PRISON. When *Pickwick* was written the prison was still standing, but it was closed in 1842. Some of the old building exists to this day as part of a factory. In later editions of *Pickwick* Dickens added a footnote to the effect that the prison "exists no longer," and in the preface to *Little Dorrit* (1857) he records a pilgrimage to "the portions of the Marshalsea Prison yet standing" and found himself walking on "its very paving stones."

3. OLD BRIDGE. As the tale is told in 1836 and refers to a period "twenty years ago," the old London Bridge, from which the houses had been removed, is intended; this was superseded by the present bridge in 1831.

4. LODGING IN CAMDEN TOWN. Apparently an oblique reference to Dickens's own boyhood, when he knew the district intimately. He had a "wretched lodging" in Bayham Street (since pulled down), and there are the further mentions of the parish workhouse at the corner of Pancras Road, the Veterinary Hospital (now the Royal Veterinary College) that gives its name to Royal College Street (formerly Great College Street) and the small byway, Little College Street (now College Place).

5. CHURCHYARD IN KENT. One cannot wonder that the young mother should have been buried in Kent. Dickens had left Chatham a boy of eleven, and did not go to live at Gad's Hill Place till more than thirty years later, but he never lost his love of the district. He sent Mr. Pickwick to Rochester for his first journey; he spent his own honeymoon at Chalk; and he sent Traddles and Walter Gay to Kent to spend their honeymoons; and Scrooge had revealed to him his boyhood there.

Chapter XXII

1. A-CABBIN' IT. "Two mile o' danger at eightpence." What was Mr. Pickwick's London address? In Chapter XIII he went to Eatanswill presumably from Goswell Street, and after the "very important proceeding" related in Chapter XII cannot have returned to Mrs. Bardell's when he came back to London after Chapter XIX to visit Dodson and Fogg. Now we are told he "cabbed it" for two miles: this is much farther than the distance from Goswell Street to the Bull in Whitechapel. In Chapter XXVI Mr. Pickwick's "present abode" is the George and Vulture, but this is only a little more than a quarter of a mile from the Bull.

2. NEW BIRTH. This phrase of Tony's has given rise to discussions as to whether Dickens was guilty of irreverence with sacred matters. Such irreverence was utterly alien to a man of Dickens's character. As he wrote himself on May 10th, 1843: "You do not understand the intention (I daresay the fault is mine) of that passage . . . The design is . . . to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarized and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries. . . . That every man who seeks heaven must be born again, in good thoughts of his Maker, I sincerely believe. That it is expedient for every hound to say so in a snuffling form of words to which he attaches no good meaning, I do not believe." On the last day of his conscious life he wrote: "It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech . . . . without the faintest connexion of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake." Dickens remained true to himself and never expunged or altered the passage.

3. WESSEL OF WRATH. The figurative use of vessel for a person regarded as having the containing capacity of a vessel is biblical, long before the Authorized Version of the Scriptures (1611). Wyclif's translation of 2 Tim. ii, 21, is "He schal be a vessel halwid into honour and profytable to the Lord." The Authorized Version of the same passage is: "He shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use." Hooker writes in his Ecc. Pol.: "We know there are vessels of wrath" (1597).

4. PETER MAGNUS . . . P.M.—POST MERIDIAN. A similar harmless pun occurs in Scott's *St. Ronan's Well* (1825): "I use at present P.S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the City, who loved his jest—he always called me Postscript Touchwood" (Vol. II, Ch. xvii).

5. POVERTY AND OYSTERS. Within the writer's memory oysters were sold in the Mile End Road at 3d., 4d. and 6d. a dozen. Pickled salmon was another cheap article sold in small saucers at 3d. and 4d. a portion.

6. TURNPIKE AT MILE END. This was close to the junction with the road to Cambridge, and the toll-house stood for many years after the toll was abolished and became the Vine Tavern.

7. JAPANNED CANDLESTICK. Japanned and lacquered are practically interchangeable terms as lacquering has been practised in the East from time immemorial, the Japanese excelling in the art. The "lacquer" on cheap articles such as tin candlesticks is little more than a thin coating of shellac varnish.

8. WATCH-POCKET. A pocket that usually hung over the head of a bed, sometimes attached to the hangings. An example can be seen in Phiz's illustration in *David Copperfield* of Barkis "going out with the tide."

9. RUSHLIGHT. A glance at Phiz's illustration accompanying this passage is better than a whole paragraph of verbal description. A rushlight shade is preserved in the museum at the Dickens House.

10. BLUNDERBORE. The name of the giant in the fairy tale of "Jack the Giant Killer."

> "Fee! fie! fo! fum!
> I smell the blood of an Englishman:
> Let him be 'live or let him be dead,
> I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Hence Dickens's playful allusion to the "laying of the cloth."

10. BOOTS SITTING UP. A duty that would nowadays fall to the night-porter of the hotel.

Chapter XXIII

1. DOUBLE-CASED SILVER WATCH. Favourite or valuable watches were sometimes enclosed in an outer case of silver or leather, or even of brocade. It is amusing to note that in the "Fireside edition" of the novels Tony's watch is described as "double-faced."

2. ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH. One of Ipswich's oldest churches, situated in the more architecturally interesting part of the town.

3. NUMBER FOUR COLLECTION OF HYMNS. This Collection has never been specifically traced, but it may refer to one of the little books of hymns written by Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748). He wrote over 500 hymns published at various times, and the fourth of the books was "Moral Songs" (1730), which would just suit the sanctimonious Job Trotter.

4. WHAT'S THE MATTER. This is the first edition only. In the first Cheap edition (1847) it becomes phonetically more correct: "Wot's the matter?"

5. CHELSEA WATERWORKS. Why Sam should have selected Chelsea must remain a mystery, unless it may have some relation to the fact that Dickens was married at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, in 1836, three days after the first number of the book was published. The Waterworks, established in 1723, was one of the ten private undertakings that supplied water to London (five north and five south of the Thames), and these are all now included in one authority, the Metropolitan Water Board, established in 1902.

Chapter XXIV

1. BREAKFAST IS WAITING. The hour, 10.45 a.m., seems late, but Mr. Pickwick was probably overtired after the excitement of his previous night's adventures.

2. THE CONSTABULARY—AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. Only one regular constable for Ipswich, a town of 17,000 inhabitants with three market-days every week and five annual fairs! "There was no effective system of police until that begun by Sir Robert Peel in 1830. It was a disgraceful condition of things and had many evil consequences. But the wonder is that society held together at all without the protection of strong civil force trained to control mob violence and to detect theft and crime. That we dispensed so long with a proper police force is a testimony of the average honesty of our ancestors and to the value of the old Poor Law, in spite of all its defects." (Trevelyan, *English Social History*.)

3. RIOT ACT. A last resort of the civil authority to quell any tumult. The famous Act is short and worth quoting: it is read by a Justice of the Peace: "Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in an Act of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies; GOD SAVE THE KING." The omission of the last four words makes the reading nugatory. The "pains" include liability to penal servitude for life.

4. DINNER. This meal cannot have been served much after midday and Mr. Pickwick had breakfasted about an hour previously. (See Chapter XXV, note 8.)

5. TRUNCHEON WITH BRAZEN CROWN. The insignia of a special constable. One is preserved at New Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police.

6. THE UNSOAPED OF IPSWICH. The rabble. Dickens's synonym for "unwashed." Edmund Burke made classic "The Great Unwashed" as a term for the riff-raff of the population, but he had probably borrowed it from Shakespeare:

> "Another lean unwash'd artificer" (*King John*, Act IV, Sc. 2.)

Shakespeare has also another term for the mob, due to their want of cleanliness:

> "For the mutable rank-scented many" (*Coriolanus*, Act III, Sc. 1).

7. DRAGGED THE TRUNCHEON FROM ITS PARTICULAR POCKET. Here is a little discrepancy: Mr. Grummer was leading the procession, "staff *in hand*."

(*To be continued*)

"POSITIVELY THE FIRST APPEARANCE"

CHARLES JOHN HUFFAM DICKENS

By W. GIBSON SHYVERS

Scene 1.—London. The office of Ellis and Blackmore, Solicitors, in Gray's Inn. Time: a day in May, 1827.

Enter Charles Dickens, of the Polygon, Camden Town. (Or, as the fancy pleases—"David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk.)

Hush! We are about to begin. There is a lull of expectancy as the orchestra ceases playing and the lights go down—. And now—up goes the curtain! Is it the rustling of programmes that we hear:

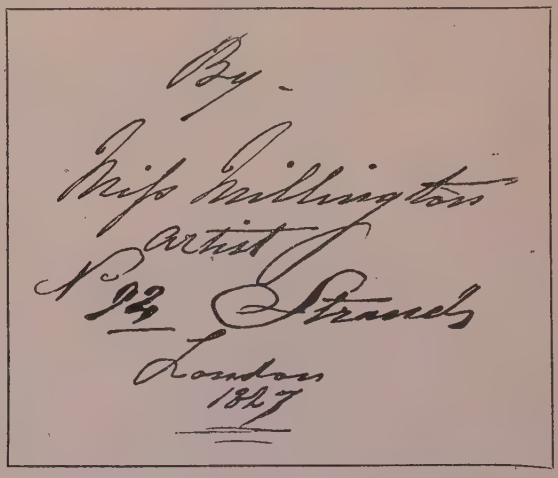
"In his first surtout"

and—yes, there *is* someone asking—"Who is Charles Dickens?" Surely we should have asked the question ourselves—in those days. As it is, we take down the faithful Forster, who, recalling for us the passage in *Pickwick* which describes the several grades of attorney's clerk, has this to tell us about Dickens at that time:

"He was very far below the articled clerk, who has paid a premium and is attorney in perspective. He was not so high as the salaried clerk, with nearly the whole of his weekly thirty shillings spent on his personal pleasures. He was not even on a level with the middle-aged copying clerk, always needy and uniformly shabby. He was simply among, however

his own nature may have lifted him above, the 'office lads in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools, club as they go home at night for saveloys and porter, and think there's nothing like life.'"

So much, not more or less, the world has known for the past hundred years: but regarding the personal appearance of their hero at this period, Dickensians have had to content themselves with "portraits in print." What do we learn of his looks from contemporary witnesses? That "he was one of the office lads, and probably in his first surtout," we gather from Forster; who also notes him as having a "keen animation of look." From Mr. Edward Blackmore's letter to the biographer, our minds take a clear-cut impression of the "bright, clever-looking youth" who came to him in May, 1827. We give especial attention



Inscription on the back of the portrait

to the testimony of Henry Danson, a school fellow who knew Dickens in these early days. "He was a handsome, *curly-headed* lad, full of animation," we read. And again, "his personal appearance at that time is vividly brought home to me in the portrait of him taken a few years later by Mr. Laurence." (The crayon drawing by Samuel Laurence (1812-84) ("Sketch of Boz"), exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838.) Coming upon the scene shortly after the previous witnesses, Charles Mackay, the assistant sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle* (on the staff of which Dickens was a parliamentary reporter in 1834), found young Charles "rather inclined to what was once called 'dandyism' in his attire."

Presented now, for the first time, is what is believed to be the earliest known portrait of Charles Dickens. It is a fine half-length water-colour portrait in miniature, and is inscribed:—"By Miss Millington, Artist, No. 92 Strand, London, 1827," in a handwriting very like that of the earliest surviving letters of Dickens. The miniature shows Dickens in his sixteenth year, soon after he had left Mr. Jones's "Classical and Commercial Academy" in the Hampstead Road, to obtain employment as a clerk in the office of Ellis and Blackmore, solicitors, of No. 1 Holborn Court, Gray's Inn. Let us look at the portrait. It shows rather a dandified young Dickens, who is "probably

in his first surtout." He wears his hair in short, clustering curls, and with as yet no hint of the flowing locks of later years. We see before us the "handsome, *curly-headed* lad," so aptly described by Charles's schoolfellow, Henry Danson: and are we not at one with Forster in noting that "keen animation of look"? Yes, here is the "bright, clever-looking youth" whom Mr. Blackmore took as a clerk on that day in May, 1827. We are taking a last look at the boy Dickens . . . . . "Mr. Robert Smithers"—makes "positively his first appearance!" Smithers was a miniature self-portrait of Dickens. We take down our copy of *Sketches by Boz*. Let's see, now? . . . . . "Making a Night of It." Ah! Here it is—and we read:—

> "We have Damon and Pythias on the one hand—Potter and Smithers on the other: and lest the two last-mentioned names should never have reached the ears of our unenlightened readers, we can do no better than make them acquainted with the owners thereof.
>
> "Mr. Thomas Potter, then, was a clerk in the City, and Mr. Robert Smithers was a ditto in the same; their incomes were limited, but their friendship was unbounded. They lived in the same street, walked into town every morning at the same hour, dined at the same slap-bang every day, and revelled in each other's company every night."

We recall Mr. Blackmore's account of young Charles's taste for theatricals, and how it was shared by his fellow-clerk named Potter. "They took every opportunity," he informs us, "of going together to a minor theatre," where they not unfrequently engaged in parts. And did not that roaring city clerk Smithers "make a night of it" with the Potter aforesaid? He certainly did! On the evening in question, this "fast-going" pair went at half-price to the slips at the City Theatre, but then London's theatre world really centred round the Strand, the busy Strand of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, with its jostling crowds, twinkling lights and minor theatres. Charles Mathews, the idol of young Dickens, is appearing nightly at the Lyceum in *Home Circuit, or, London Gleanings*: and later in the year at Drury Lane, was he not playing Buskin in *Killing No Murder*. Here, too, we find that home of melodrama, the old Adelphi. It was at this theatre that some of the earliest adaptations of Dickens's novels first appeared. We picture our two "thick-and-thin" companions making another night of it: there were many such occasions, we know. And we wonder if the one—"who was three parts dull, and the other dismal"—did not stop sometimes to look at the theatrical prints hanging in Ackermann's window at "Number Ninety-Six." Was he not already pondering on the life and adventures of his hero, Nicholas? . . . . . The miniature painter was not far away. She was the "mincing young lady of fifty"—Miss Millington.

Both Dickens's aunt, Janet Barrow, and Miss Rose Emma Drummond, have been suggested as the prototypes of the miniature painter, but the discovery of this early portrait provides evidence in support of a far stronger claim for Miss Millington. Mrs. Barrow painted a miniature of her nephew in 1830, and Dickens sat for his portrait to Miss Drummond in 1835. Neither of these ladies, however, had premises in the Strand, although Mrs. Barrow was at Fountain Court—"just off" that thoroughfare—from 1831 to 1836. Miss Millington, afterwards Mrs. Mannin (*obiit* 1864, Brighton), was a well-known miniature painter of the day. She was a clever artist, largely employed, and excelled in portraits of children. She exhibited at the Royal Academy and the British Institute of Painters in Water Colour, under her maiden name of Millington from 1829 to 1832, and from that year up to 1857 (the date of her final contribution) as Mrs. Mannin. Her entries in the records of contributors are headed "92 Strand" (from 1829 to 1832), "93 Strand" (1833-5), and "28 Percy Street" (from 1836 to 1857):

the "93 Strand" address being probably a renumbering effected in the year 1833. The Strand Improvement Act (1829) brought many alterations in its train, and there had been considerable rebuilding; especially on the north side of that thoroughfare, where the extensive front of newly-erected Exeter Hall dominated the scene.

* * * * *

Scene II.—The same. Miss La Creevy's place of business in the Strand. Time: "1827"-39.

Where was Miss La Creevy's place of business? The Strand contains few if any buildings that were there when Dickens last walked along it, and he would look in vain for the house where the miniature painter practised her art. Miss La Creevy lived in the Strand. (Call Mr. Charles Dickens in evidence.) In *Nicholas Nickleby* (ch. 3) we read:—

> "Mr. Nickleby made the best of his way to the Strand, and . . . . . stopped at a private door about half-way down that crowded thoroughfare. A miniature painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street-door, in which . . . . . there were a great many heads of old ladies and gentlemen smirking at each other out of blue and brown skies, and an elegantly-written card of terms with an embossed border."

Again, on the morning when Nicholas started for Yorkshire, Miss La Creevy had got up early to put a fancy nose into a miniature of an ugly little boy. (We call to witness the miniature painter herself):

> "It's the fine arts that bring me out of bed, Mr. Nickleby. I'm waiting for the light to carry out an idea . . . . . and that's the great convenience of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When I want a nose . . . . . for any particular sitter, I have only to look out of the window and wait till I get one."

And again (in answer to Nicholas's question, "Does it take long to get a nose, now?"), the last-named witness (recalled) testified to the fact that it depended in a great measure on the pattern. "Snubs and romans are plentiful enough" (she said) "and there are flats of all sorts and sizes when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall." (Ch. 5.) The evidence is: (*a*) That Mr. Ralph Nickleby, having made his way to the Strand (in search of the lodgings of his sister-in-law), stopped at a private door "about halfway down" that thoroughfare; (*b*) that a miniature painter, Miss La Creevy, lived there; (*c*) that the said Miss La Creevy was in the habit of looking out of the window with a view to getting living models for the noses in her portraits and (*d*) that she found "flats of all sorts and sizes" when there was a meeting "at Exeter Hall." Therefore, to sum up, Miss La Creevy lived in the Strand, and her house was situated, "about halfway down" that thoroughfare, at a point from which she could watch the clerics going to Exeter Hall. Exeter Hall, erected in 1831, was the great centre for the annual "May Meetings"—those spring "spiritual Floralia" of the clergy—which commenced sometimes in April and continued until June. It was demolished in 1907, and its site is now covered by the Strand Palace Hotel. Long since the clatter of knives and forks has replaced the sound of clerical voices denouncing the Pope. But . . . . . who knows if the shadowy forms of a "mincing young lady of fifty" does not linger yet at some window close by—lamenting the noses of yesteryear!

* * * * *

Scene III.—The same. "Number Ninety-two (-three), Strand." Time: 1827-35.

With Tallis's *London Street Views* as our "guide, philosopher, and friend," we hurry after Mr. Ralph Nickleby, and seek to follow in his steps to Miss La Creevy's door. Tallis shows the low numbers (1 to 258) running eastward on the south side of the Strand, and the high numbers (260 to 459) returning westward on the north side of that thoroughfare. Exeter Hall was situated on the North side, between Burleigh and Exeter Streets, and is seen to be No. 372, close to the Exeter Street corner. On the *south* side, and directly opposite Exeter Street, was Fountain Court, access to which was by a narrow passage between Nos. 103 and 104. Six doors away westward (at the east Strand corner of Beaufort Buildings, which was renamed Savoy Buildings in 1883) was No. 96, Ackermann's, the well-known print-sellers, whose weekly gatherings of artists and men of letters did much in their day to promote the fine arts. We recall that Pendennis, in wandering about London, looked at the prints hanging in Ackermann's window. The second shop past Ackermann's was No. 94, Porter & Lack's, "Stock and Shirt Makers," whose façade bore the announcement—"Nearly opposite Exeter Street." And . . . . . was not "Number Ninety-three" (formerly No. 92) that "private door" about halfway down the crowded Strand, at which Mr. Nickleby stopped to interview the miniature painter? And again, was not that lady Miss Millington, who lived there until the coming of the year 1836? No. 93 (as shown by Tallis) was a three-storeyed building: a shop with two floors above it. In Miss La Creevy's reply to the moneylender (ch. 3) we have evidence of great significance. "The upper part of the house belonged to her," she said, "and as she had no necessity for the second-floor rooms . . . . . she was in the habit of letting them." Moreover, the fact that the miniature painter occupied the upper part of a house from which she could watch the clerics going to Exeter Hall, makes for the assumption that her window overlooked its entrance: that as Exeter Hall was situated on the north side of the Strand, her place of business must have been on the south side of the thoroughfare. Fountain Court, which was Janet Barrow's address from 1831 to 1836, was on the south side of the Strand and nearly opposite Exeter Hall; but the entrance to it being a passageway between two shops, obviously the windows of its houses did not overlook that building. Indeed Mrs. Barrow would have found it impossible to look out of *her* window at the crowd going to the "May Meetings."

* * * * *

The evidence of the portrait, together with the identification of the site of Miss Millington's place of business, indicates clearly whom Dickens had in mind when he depicted the character of Miss La Creevy . . . . . And so, like Mr. Nickleby, we have stopped at a door "about half-way down" the Strand: it is the door of No. 93 (formerly No. 92), next to Porter & Lack's. And we, too, have sought a miniature painter: she is the lady who painted the earliest portrait of Charles Dickens.

As we go to press we regret to learn of the death of Miss Mary Angela Dickens, the eldest daughter of Charles Dickens the Younger. We hope to write more fully of Miss Dickens in our next number.

RESEARCH FOR FILMS FROM DICKENS

By PETER HUNT
Research Director for Cineguild's *Oliver Twist.*

IN the early days of the cinema when the camera was static and the " close-up " had not yet been discovered, film properties did not need to be pin-point accurate. To-day, however, when the camera searches out every detail a jewelled sword must look like a jewelled sword and painted cardboard will not do. That is why Dickens provides inexhaustible material for film research workers, though he is more significant to them in his capacity of journalist observer rather than in that of the emotive reformer.

Some nineteenth century authors never really described what they saw around them, they ignored the commonplaces. But when Charles Dickens is your guide you know exactly where you are : in film language, he is the perfect combination of Script-Writer, Art-Director and Set-Dresser, giving everything the final cohesion of a Director. Here for example are two descriptions of a public-house ; both were useful in background-research on *Oliver Twist.* Dickens is describing The Three Cripples, a low haunt in the infamous neighbourhood of Saffron Hill :

" The room was illuminated by two gas-lights ; the glare of which was prevented by the barred shutters, and closely-drawn curtains of faded red, from being visible outside. The ceiling was blackened, to prevent its colour from being injured by the flaring of the lamps ; and the place was so full of dense tobacco smoke, that at first it was scarcely possible to discern anything more. By degrees, however, as some of it cleared away through the open door, an assemblage of heads, as confused as the noises that greeted the ear, might be made out ; and as the eye grew more accustomed to the scene, the spectator gradually became aware of the presence of a numerous company, male and female, crowded round a long table : at the upper end of which, sat a chairman with a hammer of office in his hand ; while a professional gentleman, with a bluish nose, and his face tied up for the benefit of a toothache, presided at a jingling piano in a remote corner."

In 1835 a certain Mr. W. A. Miles made a report to the House of Lords on what he had gathered from a tour of London's underworld. In it he wrote :—" On my return through Windmill Street, at about twelve, I heard a female singing to a piano accompaniment on the first floor of this house. The windows were open, and I saw many women's heads, dressed out with flowers in their caps, evidently a gala night . . . . . The room was very full, and excessively hot. The company was composed of men and women, two or three had babies in arms ; the greater part of the women were girls of the town, dressed out in their best, attended by their fancy men . . . . . The youngest in the room was about sixteen, and they were all under twenty-five, with the exception of three, beside the man who presided at a very good toned grand piano."

A comparison between *Oliver Twist* and the Miles Report on Poverty, Mendicity and Crime shows how well Dickens knew his London and how faithfully, with some concessions to the taste of his readers, he depicted it.

Fortunately the whole atmosphere of *Oliver Twist* is reinforced by the extraordinary series of Sketches with which Dickens commenced his literary career. Where in all English literature can one find vignettes of English life so vivid as *The Streets—Morning,* or *Seven Dials,* and *Meditations in Monmouth Street* ? They are as photographic as the Victorian masterpieces of Paul Martin.

There was one point however on which Dickens is not helpful.

Clerkenwell Church
from Mutton Hill and Great Saffron Hill
by E. H. Dixon, 1838.

By courtesy of the London County Council.

He gives no precise information as to the date of the story but he provides significant clues. There are several references to London Bridge in which it is clear that the new bridge was intended. This new bridge was opened to the public in 1831.

In his *Dickens World*, Humphry House points out that Oliver "must have been born in a workhouse of the old Poor Law. Under Gilbert's Act or one of the numerous local acts, such a workhouse as that described in the first chapter was perfectly possible; there were in certain districts, under Gilbert's Act, unions of parishes to maintain them. There were also pauper baby-farms. The new Law must have come in while Oliver was at grass." Clearly, Dickens was writing of his own times. His theme was quite topical for just at that time there was considerable public interest in the poor and the administration of Poor Law.

Having established the period we were then able to go ahead on the main task of film-Research, which is to illustrate a period in terms of the requirements of the Script-Writer and the Production-Designer. We are far enough away from the 1830's to need visual guides to our interpretation of them. It becomes important to know whether or not London Streets were lit by gas, whether matches were in common use, whether policemen did or did not carry a whistle. This is no mere pedantry. Such questions must be answered to avoid the creation of a hotpotch of every decade in the nineteenth century.

Fortunately, the early nineteenth century is ripe with a great crop of illustrators; the brothers Cruikshank, whose knowledge of low life was as invaluable to Dickens as it is now to us, William Heath, J. T. Smith, Thomas Hosmer Shepherd, Pyne, Limmer, Busby, Cooke, and a host of others, both artists and authors.

To-day, for instance, we owe a great debt to the collative flair of Thomas Burke.

One of the most valuable sources of information has been the Library at County Hall. Here in the archives may be found hundreds of superb watercolours, many of them of the London underworld, the notorious districts of Saffron Hill, Field Lane and Jacob's Island. In County Hall, too, may be seen the admission and discharge registers for many English Workhouses.

Workhouse illustrations were a great difficulty, especially interiors. Perhaps we were not looking in the right places but, apart from a few reproductions in the *Illustrated London News* (perhaps the most valuable of all publications to Research-Workers) we never got beyond Thomas Rowlandson's Madhouse, St. Luke's Hospital, and a sad little "Phiz" of a Workhouse Dinner which appeared in James Grant's *Sketches in London*.

The Beadle was of course ubiquitous, appearing in full finery, not only in Cruikshank, who seems to have had a special feeling for him, but in Heath, Phiz and Ackermann's voluminous *World in Miniature*. There is something a little sad about Ackermann's Beadle." He has no day of rest, the Sabbath being his most important day of work when he is early at his post and obsequious to the important church-warden . . . . . he perambulates the streets of the parish to quiet street brawls, takes drunkards to the round house, disperses troops of noisy urchins. The last, but not least of his official duties is to deal with squabbling old apple-women by laying his hands *ex officio* on their apple carts. He is not thereby very popular."

Oliver Twist had also to contend with the New Policeman who provides us with a lot of headaches. From early lithographs it would seem that some years elapsed before the uniform became stabilised. We are grateful to the ballad writers, however vulgar, for the valuable data they have left us; but no one was quite sure as to which arm should

bear the famous duty arm-band. It is a small point but worth getting right. I saw a modern film recently in which the stripes on a policeman's arm-band were running horizontally instead of vertically. This may not worry you very much but it did worry a lot of policemen. Inaccurate Research must provide that moment of irritation in a film which throws one's attention off the point which both Director and Actor have tried hard to emphasise. If Research is to be of any use at all it must be unobtrusive. The only time a Research worker wants his work to be noticed is when he is quite sure he is right and when he is asking for a rise !

It is also worth making a distinction here between sources of information which are accurate in detail and those which are useful for what they contribute to atmosphere. In 1872 Doré published his *London, A Pilgrimage*. Poverty does not change very much and his grasp of the atmosphere of lower-class life is as real now as it was then. He shows, too, a sympathy which is entirely lacking in the work of many accredited historians. But no one could claim that Doré was accurate. On the other hand there is a painstaking accuracy about Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and London Poor* which is unquestionable. We go to Mayhew for facts. We go to Doré for an interpretation. Mayhew appears to be coldly anthropological : Doré is warmly human. Both are essential to film makers.

Research on *Oliver Twist* and his world has been a fascinating study. However much or little of it has been ultimately retained in the film production we have been privileged to see it handled in masterly fashion by David Lean.

THESE DICKENS FOLK

This anthology* although containing little that will appeal to the dyed-in-the-wool Dickensian, is written, as the author tells us, with the object of reviving the interest of " readers who have allowed themselves to drift from a continuing contact with Dickens."

Dealing with some fifteen of the novels, the author introduces each character in a short paragraph followed by an appropriate extract from the book. The choice of characters is somewhat unusual, many having little or nothing to do with the development of the story, to the exclusion of more important or better known figures. The omissions of Little Nell, Sydney Carton and Little Emily are explained on the grounds that " Dickens gives no succinct or consecutive descriptions of them," and David Copperfield, Esther Summerson and Pip because " the narrative is told in the first person." This is a little disappointing, although it may give the desired impetus towards a more comprehensive knowledge of the works which Mr. Gerson is anxious to encourage ; all the same, one cannot but wish he had " made an effort " to include many old and dear friends.

Some introductory statements will doubtless provoke discussion, such as that " of all women characters Dickens seems to have loved Agnes best, and the author's affection is shared by every reader " . . . and " Allan Woodcourt and Esther Summerson are in love but neither is aware of the feeling of the other." Putting controversial matters aside, the work is that of a true Dickens lover whose object—the furtherance of a wider knowledge of the works—should be an inspiration, as is this concluding paragraph in the introductory note : " Fortunate is the child whose earliest memories include the presence of Dickens books and a familiarity with Dickens folk. All his life these characters will be as real to him as his flesh-and-blood intimates. With this sense of fellowship will develop an appreciation of those wholesome qualities which make the Dickens world so alluring and so worth while—sympathy, humour, kindliness."

JANE BACON.

* *These Dickens Folk.* Armand J. Gerson. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.50

PIP'S MARSHES

IN all the length and breadth of the well-known and well-loved County of Kent, perhaps no corner of it has so persistently escaped the attentions of the visitor as the peninsular of Hoo, that tongue of land which runs eastwards to the sea between the Thames and the Medway. Even Dickensians, or most of them, all impatience to reach their natural goal, Rochester, pass it by contenting themselves with a glance from the high ground round about Gad's Hill.

Attention has been drawn anew to the district in a tasteful little book* by Ralph Arnold. While not being a complete history, the author has selected favourite localities and personalities for detailed consideration and we have delightful studies of such widely differing people as Sir John de Cobham, the fourteenth-century builder of Cooling Castle, Sir John Oldcastle, who contributed something, however little, to the character of Sir John Falstaff, and the Rev. Robert Burt who united the Prince Regent, later George IV, to Maria Fitzherbert. But the chapter with which we are concerned here is that devoted to Dickens's *Great Expectations*, for the peninsular contains the marshes amongst which Pip was "brought up by hand." In a dozen pages Mr. Arnold examines the traditional claims of Cooling to be Pip's village, the theory of Edwin Harris that it was Hoo St. Werbergh and the exhaustive studies of Col. W. Laurence Gadd which staked the claim of Lower Higham.

Impartiality is the author's aim in dealing with these rival schools of thought but nothing emerges to shake the faith of those of us, and our name is legion, who consider that Col. Gadd abundantly proved his case. Mr. Arnold admits that he finds the Colonel's study of the marshes "very rewarding" but is not so impressed with his theory about Pip's village itself. He characterises as "sweeping and intolerant" the statement that: "The descriptions of the church and village in the book have no resemblance to the hamlet of Cooling but happen to be an almost exact picture of Lower Higham. And this is not a mere matter of opinion, but something that may be verified by anybody . . . ." We are not told why this is "sweeping and intolerant" and it seems to us as true to-day as when it was written.

Mr. Arnold also stigmatises as special pleading, Col. Gadd's point that while Lower Higham has a steeple, Cooling has not. Pip, it will be remembered, saw the steeple between his legs when the convict tilted him backwards on the tombstone. If the "small shingled excrescence which resembles a candle extinguisher," at Cooling can be described as a steeple, it is obviously too small to have been seen from an inverted position immediately beneath the tower on which it is perched.

The author does not appear to have been very impressed with the arguments for Hoo St. Werbergh, which faces the Medway, as opposed to the other two claimant villages which face the Thames. But he writes that as far as he knows no one has answered Mr. Harris's argument that in the case of the Thames villages, the search party could not have seen the lights of torches on the opposite shore of the river, which Dickens says they did, because of the distance and the sleet, but that they could have done so in the case of Hoo St. Werbergh because the Medway there is much narrower than the Thames opposite Lower Higham or Cooling. A reference to that passage in the novel renders the Medway theory untenable. In that case the east would have to change places with the west, while the direction taken by the party is accurate in every particular if the Thames is taken to have been intended.

* *The Hundred of Hoo*, by Ralph Arnold, Constable, 12s. 6d.

Similarly Henry Smetham's championship of the traditional claims of Cooling is quoted. The churchyard in that village is said to command, or have commanded, views of the marshes, the village and the distant savage lair which was the sea, whereas from Lower Higham churchyard only the marshes and but a short stretch of the river are visible. To begin with Dickens does not say that the " savage lair " *was* visible but he does say that the church was *on* the marshes, which Lower Higham Church is and Cooling Church is not.

So far as I know this is the first important discussion of the problem since Col. Gadd's death terminated his studies which still stand four-square to all criticism. His equally important work on the river journey of Magwitch with Pip, Herbert and Startop, lies outside the scope of this new book which, however, cannot fail to please any lover of the novel and will find a ready sale. It is illustrated by some excellent photographs although they are presented in the ugly modern manner without margins which has still to make itself acceptable to so many of us. L.C.S.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

BY THE CRITIC IN THE AUDIENCE

AS a youth I saw J. L. Toole, although not in his celebrated rôle of Caleb Plummer but I was more fortunate in seeing Arthur Bourchier in the part when he played it at the Garrick Theatre in 1903. Chance Newton, the celebrated " Carados " of *The Referee*, once told Walter Dexter and me of the day when no less than fifteen adaptations of *The Cricket on the Hearth* were played in London during the course of one week !

It will be realised therefore that I was most interested in a performance of a new version of the story, which was presented by the Dickens Fellowship at the Conway Hall, London, on December 12th last ; the adaptation and production being in the capable hands of Mrs. Jane Bacon.

The gramophone began it, and a kettle would have been preferable. However, at the rise of the curtain all was well.

As Caleb, Thomas Brewer had heavy responsibility for it is a difficult part to put before Dickensians. That he " got over " as he did, on a first night with nerves predominating, is saying much.

R. C. D. Shuckburgh was well cast as John Peerybingle ; his enunciation and delivery obviously giving great delight to the audience, and as the eccentric Tilly Slowboy, Doris Danby gave many a shock to mothers in the house by reason of her nursing of the famous baby. Both these players are great-grandchildren of Dickens which added not a little to the interest taken in their performances. The lovers, Edward, at first mysterious and later ardent and May, winsome and well-worth the winning, were safe in the hands of Arthur Jones and Manuela Francis.

The cantankerous and egregious Mrs. Fielding was played with a fine sense of character by Brenda Beagley, who achieved a success all the more pronounced by the contrast of her part with those in which we usually see her.

I expect Dot's father and mother were surprised to find themselves in a play, for Dickens gave them but scant mention ! Charles and Joyce Young played their small parts well, as did Brian Greaves as the carrier's boy whom Dickens does not mention at all. But of course all good carriers must have a boy and this one was a good 'un.

Blind Bertha, beautifully played by Ruth Whittaker with great sensibility, easily secured the sympathy of her audience.

The Fairy Cricket arose out of the Hearth in Dot's kitchen and made me feel much more kindly disposed towards crickets now that I know they look and speak as prettily as Diana Skinner. Although with the exception of the baby, Dickens introduced no children into the story, several of his delightful great-great-grandchildren made a charming addition to the play. Elizabeth Hague deserves especial mention on account of having undertaken additional lines at the last moment owing to the illness of Mary Danby.

Finally there was Tackleton, the surly and gruff, splendidly played by John Greaves. A disagreeable man, Tackleton, a verdict every character in the play would endorse but what a different story behind the scenes. John Greaves would be an acquisition to any dramatic company. Not only is he a first-rate actor but he has a wonderful way with " props " ; he was responsible for all those used in this production, as well as arranging and supervising all " the lighting and effects." Even that was not enough for him on this occasion, for he provided Caleb's room with a profusion of wonderful toys of his own making, of which more anon. I hope I have made all his virtues clear, else I shall be in trouble with the producer who was eloquent in her praise of his every-ready assistance.

In a word the play went without a hitch and reflected great credit on all concerned, not forgetting the hard-working stage manager and her assistant, Edith Blanthorn and Rosemary Hague. Again the production was costumed by the Fellowship Costume Department under the direction of Miss D. L. Minards assisted by Mrs. Creek.

After the play there was a Sale of Toys from Caleb's workshop, which was conducted by Mr. Sapsea, who stepped out of the pages of *Edwin Drood* specially for the occasion. Let me say, here and now, that I was disappointed by the portrayal, I might say betrayal, of Sapsea by Mr. Frank Staff. I liked him the moment after his entrance and then he seemed to drop the character. I did not like his make-up, he did not tie his stock correctly (the thing *would* not go properly when I was dressing on that evening). I do not believe that Ethelinda ever looked up to him. Incidentally, if that was Ethelinda who assisted him with the Sale, she appeared to be nagging him all the while, until the poor man forgot he was Thomas Sapsea and changed into quite a passable auctioneer, securing a large sum for the cause, so we will not grumble at him.

Thus ended a fine evening. Mrs. Bacon, to whom so much was due, acknowledged the plaudits of the overflowing audience on her own behalf and on that of her company.

The Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) benefited by no less than £68 to which has to be added £34 (as a result of the Auction of Toys provided by Mesdames Johnson, Kellaway, Lavis and Newcombe and Messrs. Frost and Greaves) making a total of £102.

FACT OR FICTION?

THE new Dickens Biography, *Challenge to Oppression*, by McEwan Lawson, published in the "Torch Biographies" Series, by The Student Christian Movement Press, Ltd. (4*s*. 6*d*.) is a pleasant and very readable little book. Written, apparently, for the younger reader, it presents Charles Dickens as a modern St. George, who travelled the country, seeking dragons to destroy. It is not so much a biography, as a picture of the Dickens period, and the author paints some vivid and enjoyable scenes of life in the streets and alleys of London and the provincial towns which Dickens knew.

Circuses and waxworks, the new railways, the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution, riots in Wolverhampton and Manchester, the Parliamentary Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and many other contemporary happenings all appear as a background to the life and work of Dickens. In fact, one feels, on reading the book, that there is perhaps too much background, and not enough Dickens.

Unfortunately also, the book contains some surprising inaccuracies, so that one is tempted to echo the now familiar question, "Is it Fact or Fiction?" We are told that Dickens was born at Hawk Street, Portsea, whereas we had always believed the address to be Commercial Road, that Betsey Trotwood drove the donkeys from her green at *Folkestone*, that "Polly Toodles," the redoubtable nursemaid, "flashed her unstained sword with incredible bravery about Mr. Dombey's whiskers." Surely Susan Nipper is intended here?

Then we are told of a Reading given by Dickens at Birmingham, to an audience of twenty-one thousand people, from which £230 was taken. Which Hall held this audience, one wonders. Of course the old story of marriage to the wrong sister is hinted at, and the statements are repeated that when Dickens was involved in the Staplehurst accident he was "with Ellen Ternan," and that he had accepted Queen Victoria's offer of a baronetcy.

The author presents Dickens the man, with sympathy and understanding, and, it must be confessed, with rather too much adulation. We know that Dickens was a fervent believer in the teachings of Christ, and had a deep religious feeling, which is apparent in many of his books, but Mr. Lawson seems to emphasise this point somewhat unduly, concluding with the declaration that "all through his life, except for a period when he attended a Unitarian Chapel, he worshipped at Matins and Evensong." In common with many other biographers, Mr. Lawson also exaggerates the effect of the blacking factory period on Dickens, and the result of the foregoing is that the Dickens who emerges is not quite the man we know, the brilliant, successful, cheery, company-loving Dickens, creator of characters who have made the world laugh for over a century, but rather a man with a complex, hugging a secret wound, inflicted on him in childhood, and developing into a restless and unhappy neurotic, rushing from place to place, wearing himself out in the effort to escape from loneliness and disappointment. The author dwells at length on this aspect of Dickens, to the exclusion of many important points which should appear in such a biography. We are told very little about his marriage, his children, his most interesting circle of friends, and their influence on his writing; nothing is said of his closest friend, Forster, the greatest biographer of them all, and we hear practically nothing of his foreign travels, his private theatricals and his appeals for charity. Notwithstanding all this, *Challenge to Oppression* is a well-written and enjoyable little book, and one hopes that those who read it will feel impelled to make a deeper study of the life of the great author who did, in very truth set out to slay dragons, and in doing so became the most famous of all novelists.

MARY CORNEY.

THE PROBLEM OF A POWELL DOSSIER ELUCIDATED

By WILFRED PARTINGTON

IN the course of my researches for the monograph on Thomas Powell which appeared in the last two numbers of *The Dickensian*, I naturally made enquiries of the Dickens Fellowship, with the result that the Editor of *The Dickensian* kindly put at my disposal a miscellaneous collection on twenty-eight leaves of typescript copies of relevant correspondence, notes, extracts from Thomas Powell's *Living Authors*, and a photostat of the anonymous printing entitled (*Proof*) [*Private and Confidential.*] which is now established (see p. 20) as a privately-printed pamphlet issued by Charles Dickens.

The contents of this dossier were collected by the late Mr. Walter Dexter for the primary purpose of resolving the mystery of whether Thomas Powell, the forger, was the same man as the Powell who was a colleague with Dickens on the *Morning Chronicle*, and who was selected by the novelist as his chief sub-editor on the *Daily News*, or this journalist's son. The theory was originally prompted by a reminiscence of Emily Soldene. The papers had evidently been circulated among one or two well-informed Dickensians like J. W. T. Ley for their views or possible assistance in elucidation. But the interesting problem remained unsolved.

Mr. Staples, in handing me this rather confusing dossier, hinted with engaging tactfulness that it would be useful if I could clear the matter up. Moreover, he staked a claim by suggesting that *The Dickensian* would like to have the right of printing the monograph.

Dickens's references in correspondence with various people to the *Daily News* Powell (as we may distinguish his old colleague of reporting days) range from May 1835 to March 1846; whereas his friendly letters to Thomas Powell, the subsequently revealed forger, date from April 1844 to September 1845, and his hostile letters about him from October 1849 to January 1850. From a survey of this correspondence two impressions emerged: firstly, that the character of the references to the *Daily News* Powell (there are no known letters to him) markedly differed from that of the letters to and about the other man; and secondly, that the journalist Powell was probably too old a man, and his son too young, to be the author and forger Powell. Anyway, the age clue was almost unpursuable owing to lack of data.

But the survey of the correspondence showed another important point: that in none of the printed references to the journalist Powell did Dickens ever give him a christian name. It was always "Mr. Powell" or "Powell." If the first chief sub-editor of the *Daily News* was not a "Thomas," then the problem was solved. That newspaper, however, could not be helpful in 1946, having no records, of course. So that trail led to a *cul-de-sac*. But it was in this matter of the journalist's christian name that the compiler of the dossier originally went wrong.

For the dossier contains a two-page summary of the facts so far disclosed by its incomplete data. Referring to Dickens's letters, it begins: "There was a Thomas Powell who was a journalist on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* with Dickens": but the insertion of the christian name here is either an assumption or a slip of the pen, and there is no authority for it.

The summary then refers to Errol Sherson as writing in his *London's Lost Theatres* "that Emily Soldene, a very well-known singer of the time, ran away with a son of a Mr. Thomas Powell, first sub-editor of the *Daily News* when Dickens was the editor . . ." Here was error

No. 2, for Sherson merely copies from Emily Soldene's reminiscences, and does not himself give a Christian name. Now for Emily.

In her *My Theatrical and Musical Recollections* (pp. 306-307) she says:

> "I had nearly all my life been associated with writing people. When I was very young, but old enough to know better, I ran away and got married. My late husband was a son of Mr. Powell, the first sub-editor of the *Daily News* when it was founded in 1846, the chief being Mr. Charles Dickens.
>
> "Charles Dickens and my father-in-law were very old friends, and had been in the 'gallery' together.
>
> "Mr. Powell, in his young days, lived in the York Road, Lambeth; next door to him lived Mr. George Hogarth, the eminent art and dramatic critic and writer. The girls and boys of the two families were always in and out of the two houses. One day, Mr. Dickens, dining with Mr. Powell, met there Miss Catherine Hogarth, the future Mrs. Charles Dickens, and my subsequent connection with the Powell family explains how I crept into a sort of association with a literary circle."

It will be noticed that Emily Soldene does not name her father-in-law or her husband "Thomas." But her reminiscence, whose authenticity may well be accepted in a matter which touched her so intimately, contains a piece of positive information which the compiler of the dossier failed to "make a note of." It is the mention of Dickens dining with Mr. Powell, her father-in-law—but not with her husband, which she would certainly have recorded. Considering that Dickens slaved in the same gallery with father-in-law Powell and thought highly enough of him to make him his chief assistant on the *Daily News*, nothing is more likely than that the future novelist used to dine at the home of his Press colleague—especially after meeting there Miss Hogarth from next door.

But Charles Dickens never dined at the house of Thomas Powell the forger.

We have this on his own explicit authority. The letter (24th December, 1849) he wrote to Alexander Ireland, editor of the *Manchester Examiner*, which letter has been quoted in the monograph, was sent because that newspaper's London representative had published a paragraph about Thomas Powell defrauding Chapman & Co. and about his "Life" of Dickens. Says the novelist:

> ". . . In your paper sent to me this morning I see the correspondent mentions one Thomas Powell, and records how I was wont to feast in the house of the said Thomas Powell. As I never was in the man's house in my life, or within five miles of it that I know of, I beg you will do me the favour to contradict this. . . . It is not agreeable to me to be supposed to have sat at this amiable person's feasts."

Thus irrespective of christian names or age disparity, it is fairly proved that Powell, the forger, was not the same man as Dickens's first sub-editor on the *Daily News*; and the age test as well as Emily Soldene's book negatives the more far-fetched theory that he was the journalist's son.

CAN YOU HELP?

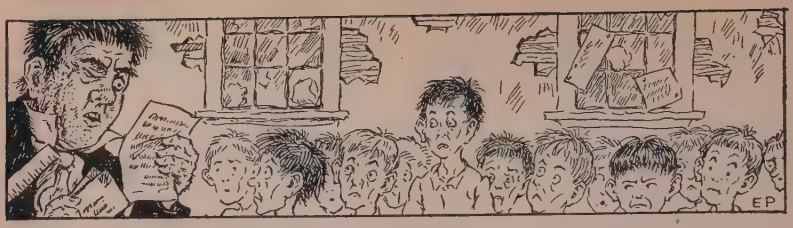
WE ARE IN URGENT NEED OF COPIES OF

THE DICKENSIAN as follows:

No. 261, DECEMBER, 1941. No. 262, MARCH, 1942.

No. 272, SEPTEMBER, 1944.

If you can assist will you write to the Dickens House?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Mr. POWELL"

SIR,

MR. Partington has rendered a signal service to students of literary history, and to Dickensians in particular, by the care with which he has sought to elucidate the chequered career of "Mr. Powell" and his relations with Dickens. But many problems remain to be solved, and not the least important is the question whether the various references to "Powell" or "Mr. Powell" in Dickens's letters and the printed sources which have been quoted relate to one or more individuals. I can add nothing of value to what Mr. Partington has written about the forger of literary and other documents, but some facts concerning Dickens's journalistic colleague which I have noted tend to confirm his theory that more Powells than one were concerned in the strange story he has unfolded.

On 25th July, 1833, in the House of Commons, O'Connell accused the newspapers of deliberately falsifying his speeches in their reports of the debates. The next day the parliamentary reporters of *The Times* indignantly repudiated the charge as far as they were concerned, and a similar denial was published in the *Morning Chronicle* over the signatures of ten of their reporters, of whom one was John Hill Powell.

Dickens seems to have first met "Mr. Powell" (it is curious, as Mr. Partington points out, that the latter's baptismal name rarely emerges) when he joined the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* in the summer of 1834. Both men were engaged as parliamentary reporters at a weekly salary of five guineas. In December of that year Powell became co-sub-editor of the paper at seven guineas a week, and on 31st January, 1835, co-editor of the *Evening Chronicle*, a new venture by the same proprietors, at an additional salary of three guineas. On 30th April, 1835, he obtained a written contract appointing him sole sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle* and editor of the *Evening Chronicle*, his salary remaining at ten guineas weekly.

On 9th September, 1835, Powell received a month's notice to quit on the ground of misconduct and on the following 9th July he brought an action in the Court of Common Pleas against the editor, John Black (Dickens's "first hearty out-and-out appreciator") for breach of an engagement, claiming £147 for fourteen weeks' salary and "such other damages as the jury might award for the expense incurred by the change of residence rendered necessary by such engagement."

Powell's counsel described him as "a gentleman of considerable literary ability" and Serjeant Talfourd, for the defence, while admitting him to be "a young gentleman of considerable talent," added that he was of too excitable a temperament to fit him for the calm and sober duties of a sub-editor. The plaintiff's case was that his engagement was an annual one, that he had exerted himself much during periods of great political excitement for the party whose cause the *Morning Chronicle* espoused, especially during the period immediately following the sudden termination of the Melbourne Administration, and that his conduct had been not only highly creditable to himself in every respect but highly beneficial to the newspaper.

According to the printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, called as a witness for the defence, it was understood that the sub-editor should be at the office at 7 or 7-30 p.m. For the last five or six months of his time Powell's attendance had been very irregular and he frequently did not come to the office until 9-30 or 10, particularly on Sunday nights, with the result that the publication was much delayed. On those nights he used to appear excited,

or fresh, when he arrived, " as if he had been aboard a steamboat and enjoying himself." Before he was able to give out any copy he was obliged to get soda-water to bring him round, and when he got round he gave out the copy and left about 12-30, saying that he would be at Goodwin's oyster shop if wanted. The printer raised a laugh by declaring that he considered the recent change in the politics of *The Times* did the *Chronicle* more good in one day than all the talent in London could have done in seven weeks.

Charles Mackay, assistant sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, confirmed that Powell had not attended latterly more than four hours a day instead of seven, and the office porter testified that when he called at Powell's house in York Road at 9 o'clock on the morning of the publication of the *Evening Chronicle*, to tell him he was wanted at the office, Powell replied that they must wait till he came.

For Powell it was claimed that his visits to the oyster shop were a matter of course and that his duties, which included communicating with M.P.s and others to obtain information, attending debates and public meetings to arrange for their being reported, etc., were advantageous for the paper and entailed in their performance necessary absences, the cause of which could be known only to himself.

Apparently agreeing with this view, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff and awarded him £147 damages.

Here, then, is support for Emily Soldene's statement that Powell lived in York Road, and the date is consistent with her assertion that Dickens met Catherine Hogarth in Powell's house. It is clear from one of Dickens's earliest letters to his fiancée that Powell was well known to her, and in more than one of these Dickens refers to the Hogarths' house in York Place (18 York Place, Fulham Road, Brompton, was the full address according to Mr. Walter Dexter). In the summer of 1835 Dickens himself took lodgings at 11 Selwood Place, just round the corner, to be nearer his future wife (*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, His Letters to Her*, 1935, p. 5n.).

As to " Mr. Powell " of the *Daily News*, we know from Dickens's letter of 30th January, 1846, to Bradbury & Evans that it was on his recommendation of Powell as " the man of all others in London best qualified to act as one of the sub-editors of an enterprising paper " that Powell was engaged. " You know that I was very anxious to secure him, and considered it a very great point when he was engaged, and have always spoken of him with great confidence," he wrote in reply to a communication from the publishers conveying their misgivings about Powell's fitness for the post. So violent was his reaction that he threatened to leave the paper immediately unless the source of the imputation were disclosed. Powell was still there on 4th March, 1846, for on that day Dickens wrote to W. H. Wills : " Tell Powell (with my regards) that he needn't ' deal with ' the American notices of the *Cricket*." He must have left the *Daily News* soon afterwards, however, as Sir Joseph Crewe, in *Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years of My Life*, 1895, informs us that after Dickens's resignation of the editorial chair in February " Scott Russell, then Powell disappeared, and the sub-editorship fell to Wills, Hunt, Weir and Costello."

Let us hope that further research will bring more light to bear on the mystery and supply some of the missing links connecting John Hill Powell, Thomas Powell and plain " Mr. Powell."

W. J. Carlton.

PICKWICK NOTES

Sir,

Respecting my note on the Infant Lambert on page 33 in the last number, Mr. J. Crump of Walthamstow has pointed out that it was not Sam who made the reference, but Dickens himself. Sam has not appeared on the scene in Chapter VII.

On page 34 there is a note on " Man is fire and woman tow." I am informed by Mr. W. H. Bingham of Wigan that there is a Spanish proverb to the effect that :

" The Man is Fire, the Woman Tow ;
The Devil comes the Flame to blow."

Will you please give publicity to this letter as it may encourage other readers to assist in making the *Notes on the Pickwick Papers* more useful and interesting.

T. W. Hill.

WHERE DID MR. WINKLE, SEN., LIVE IN BIRMINGHAM?

SIR,

No question of Dickensian topography or Dickensian originals seems to be capable of settlement to the satisfaction of every Dickensian. If it could be the Editor of *The Dickensian* would lose his job. I had thought that the identity of the house of Mr. Winkle, Sen., in Birmingham, had been established for all such time as Dickens will be remembered, but Dickensians in that city will not have it so, and have been in sturdy dispute as to whether the house in question was in Easy Row, Great Charles Street, or Summer Row. They have their say and they take their choice. I know all these thoroughfares very well and I hold that Mr. Winkle, Sen., lived and carried on his business at one of those delightful old houses in Easy Row which might have been seen until very recent days. One or two of them may yet be standing.

Mr. Pickwick and his party went to Birmingham, with the object of reconciling Mr. Winkle, Sen., to the fact that his son had taken an "important rise in life's flight of steps" by getting married. (There were also financial points to be considered.) They put up, late one evening, at the Old Royal Hotel, the principal hotel in the town. The waiter told Mr. Pickwick that Mr. Winkle lived "close by, sir, not above five hundred yards, sir. Mr. Winkle is a wharfinger, sir, at the canal, sir. Private residence is not—Oh dear no, sir—*not* five hundred yards, sir."

We may assume that the waiter knew Mr. Winkle as an important business man in the town, and we may note that he lived "at the canal." The "canal," to people of Birmingham in those days was the canal at Worcester Wharf, facing the end of Paradise Street, while in Easy Row—"a quiet, substantial-looking street"—was a number of those "old red-brick houses" in one of which Dickens placed Mr. Winkle, Sen. The house was in far closer keeping than a house in Summer Row or Great Charles Street for a man in the position of Mr. Winkle, who thought "a thousand pounds is not too much, Mr. Pickwick," in the settlement of his son's affairs.

The house is, or was, about five hundred yards from the Old Royal Hotel, and easy of access to Mr. Pickwick by going along Waterloo Street, Ann Street (as it was then) and Paradise Street. Any Winkle house in Great Charles Street or Summer Row—neither such a "quiet, substantial-looking street"—would have been far more difficult of access to Mr. Pickwick, who was operating so to speak, in a strange town on a dark night. Easy of direct access was an essential factor to the early completion of his mission.

Taking all these points into consideration, I think Easy Row has it.

ERNEST H. RANN.

CRUIKSHANK

In "his early works Cruikshank used aquatint, but he soon chose etching as his medium, a technique which with his fluent line was commonly used by our humorous and satirical draughtsmen. . . . . It is by his own etchings for the fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm, for Dickens and for the *Comic Almanack* that he will always be remembered. . . . . In his short-lived partnership with Dickens . . . . . we can measure his real greatness. His illustrations to *Oliver Twist* or the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi* make those by "Phiz," the commonly acknowledged illustrator of Dickens, seem tame in conception and feeble in drawing. Cruikshank etched as Dickens wrote. Both were townsmen to the core and cockneys to their fingertips. London, with its fog, its flickering gaslights, its shabby courtyards, its waterside, its gaiety and its squalor, leaps to life through their art. Both were fascinated by the grotesque in man and nature, by twisted minds and distorted bodies. Both were crusaders for social reform, and attacked with equal pungency of word and line the cruelty of the charity schools and workhouses, and the drunkenness and vice which became rampant with the industrial era. Cruikshank stands midway in the long line of humorous and satirical draughtsmen from Hogarth onwards who, through their illustrations and prints, have provided an important chapter in the history of English art."—"English Book Illustration, 1800—1900," by Philip James. (King Penguin Series.)

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

THE LOWELLS

"From its founding the new city of Lowell and the social experiment that was going on there under the direction of the men of the family for which the city was named had been a Mecca for both French and English travellers. None wrote of it more warmly than Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*, notes that were in most other cases a little sour.

"In the 'Offering' for January, 1843, she [Harriet Farley] reviews Dickens's notes on America and points out that his glowing picture of a feminine Utopia is slightly overdrawn:

> "'We trust that we feel grateful for his kindness, and proud of his approval; but we feel that we do not deserve all his commendation, that we are not worthy of such flattering compliments. He says "Firstly, there is a piano in a great many of the boarding-houses." That is true, but not in a great proportion of them. "Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to Circulating Libraries." We fear that *nearly all* do not thus subscribe, though very many are supporters of other libraries. "Thirdly, they have got up, among themselves, a periodical called THE LOWELL OFFERING." The "Offering" was got up by individuals from *among themselves*, and they perhaps are worthy of our author's applause, but the proportion of those factory girls who interest themselves in its support is not more than one in fifty. Still it is right that all should share the credit, if the general rule is a just one, to judge of a body by their prominent individuals. We are glad that Dickens saw so much to please him in our "city of spindles," and regret for their sakes that so broad a line of distinction must be drawn between us and our sister operatives, across the Atlantic. Heaven speed the day when sentiments, more worthy of enlightened Britain, shall prevail among her rulers, and justice and generosity shall guide their counsels.'"—"The Lowells and their Seven Worlds," by F. Greenslet. (Benn.)

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

"The period's leading attacks on the press were those of Cooper, Dickens and Wilmer.

"Charles Dickens visited the United States in 1842, and in the same year published his *American Notes*, in which he distributed praise and blame on American institutions and customs as he understood them. This was just at the end of the Cooper 'war,' and the criticisms of Dickens sound remarkably like those of Cooper. What they both chiefly objected to was what they conceived to be a corrupt control of every phase of American life by the press. Wrote Dickens in the last chapter of *American Notes*:

> "'While that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the Republic.'

"The next year Dickens began the publication of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which were introduced two caricatures of American journalists—Colonel Diver, publisher of the New York 'Rowdy Journal,' and that worthy's chief writer, Mr. Jefferson Brick. Indeed the hero's first impression of New York was one of shouting newsboys.

"In its literary phases, the 'Tribune' developed unusual excellence. Lectures were reported fully, extracts were made from English books Dickens and lesser novelists were sometimes serialized, and poems long and short were not unusual.

"The second visit of Dickens to this country in 1868 was a triumphal tour, one of the chief events of which was the dinner which the New York Press Club, forgetting his acrimonious criticism of American newspapers, made a quarter-century before, gave to the famous novelist."—"American Journalism, 1690 to 1940," by F. L. Mott. (Macmillan, New York.)

DICKENS AND THE PRESIDENT

" Charles Dickens called upon Tyler and, on the whole, the President made a good impression on the English writer. ' We had not waited in this room many minutes,' the author recorded later in his *American Notes*, ' before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he might ; being at war with everybody—but the expression on his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that, in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well.' On a second trip years later Dickens met Andrew Johnson.

" Hanscom arranged for Charles Dickens to interview Andrew Johnson in 1868. The President made a distinct impression on ' Boz.' His second American tour took Dickens to Washington in February, 1868, where he gave four readings. While there he saw Johnson, who, he wrote, ' has sent for me twice.' The interview took place on Dickens's birthday, February 7th. This was Dickens's impression of the President :

> " ' He is a man with a remarkable face, indicating courage, watchfulness, and certainly strength of purpose. It is a face of the Webster type, but without the " bounce " of Webster's face. I would have picked him out anywhere as a character of mark. Figure, rather stoutish for an American ; a trifle under the middle size ; hands clasped in front of him : manner, suppressed, guarded, anxious. Each of us looked at the other very hard . . . . . ' "

—" The Presidents and the Press," by J. E. Pollard. (Macmillan, New York.)

INSIDE U.S.A.

" Another description of the Mississippi is that of Charles Dickens in the 1840's. He sees it first at Cairo, Illinois, ' a slimy monster hideous to behold.' Mr. Dickens pays his respects to Cairo (' a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise ') and proceeds :

> " ' But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) had no young children like him ! An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud, six miles an hour ; its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest trees . . . . . now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair . . . . . or wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins few and far apart, their inmates hollow-cheeked and pale, mosquitoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime on everything . . . . .
>
> " ' For two days we toiled up this foul stream.'

" Dickens would find a change or two to-day, though the river is certainly a ' Big Muddy ' still, and it remains what it always was—a kind of huge rope, no matter with what knots and frayings, tying the United States together. It is the Nile of the Western Hemisphere. Its banks and levees are not all that they might be, and it still shows an uncontrollable tendency to split and wander, but Dickens would be interested in two developments at least—the way it has become a tremendous industrial waterway, fit for two-way navigation the year around, and the proposal made last year to build a ' Mississippi River Parkway,' an automobile road that would be a ' scenic highway ' along its total length, through ten states. But when one stops to reflect, it is rather odd that such a parkway has never been proposed before.

" New York is, as everybody knows, a great state for cities, but it has more dude ranches than Wyoming. ' The country round New York is surpassingly and exquisitely picturesque,' Mr. Dickens wrote more than a hundred years ago. It still is.

" Here are some advertisements that Charles Dickens found in American newspapers in 1842 :

> " ' Ran away, a negro woman. A few days before she went off I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. Tried to make the letter M.'
>
> " ' One hundred dollars reward for a negro fellow, Pompey . . . . . Branded on left jaw.'
>
> " ' Fifty dollars reward for the negro Jim Blake. Has a piece cut out of his ear. '

" ' Twenty-five dollars reward for my man John. The tip of his nose is bit off.' "
—" Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther. (Hamilton.)

ON THE READING PLATFORM

" Abell was a friend to be cherished for his salty humor, and Weed cherished him with a love that was different in kind but scarcely in degree from that which he bore to Charles Dickens. The great author came to Steinway Hall one December night in 1867, and Weed sat close to the platform. Boz was dressed in formal black with heavy gold studs, a double gold watch chain and a diamond ring on each third finger. He fairly tripped across a purple-draped stage to his post before a lectern covered with crimson velvet. Then he read, nervously at first but with more confidence as he went along, and the audience responded, as Dickens's audiences usually did, with laughter and with tears."—" Thurlow Weed, Wizard of the Lobby," by G. C. Van Deusen. (Little, Brown and Co.)

IN U.S.S.R.

" . . . . . it is surprising to hear that the darker passages in Dickens are used in Soviet educational books as a credible picture of social conditions in England to-day." (*The Periodical*, Winter 1947/48.)

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

" He (Sir Thomas Beecham) never utters the usual conversational commonplaces ; and when he plays the fool the sources of his laughter are comedy of character, low or high, with the exaggeration of art. We got on well together because each was a good foil and audience. We agreed that men who do not like Dickens were not to be trusted ; we agreed too that Dickens was not only the greatest revealer of English humorous character since Shakespeare, but also the greatest master of the grotesque in our literature. I make this point of Beecham's love of Dickens because it serves as a quick way of illuminating a side of his nature not suspected by many."—" Autobiography," by Neville Cardus. (Collins)

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Seventy-five Pounds.—Mrs. Walter Dexter (see p. 60).
Sixty-six Pounds Nine Shillings and Twopence.—Headquarters Performance of *A Cricket on the Hearth.*
Thirty-four Pounds.—Auction of Toys at Performance of *A Cricket on the Hearth.*
Twenty-five Pounds.—Dickens Fellowship Costume Department.
Five Pounds Two Shillings and Ninepence.—Madison Branch.
Five Pounds.—Miss M. J. Wilde.
Four Guineas.—Preston Branch (In memory of the late Rev. W. H. Johnson).
Three Pounds Five Shillings.—Mrs. Giles (Nottingham).
Three Guineas.—Mr. J. Greaves (Lecture, Ferme Park). Do. (Recital, Richmond). Mr. L. C. Staples (Lecture, Nottingham Branch).
Three Pounds.—Mr. J. Greaves (Lecture, Gloucester Branch).
Two Guineas.—Portsmouth Branch. Brisbane Branch. Mr. J. Greaves (Recital, Eastbourne).
One Pound Nineteen Shillings and Fivepence.—Maryville Branch.
One Pound Five Shillings.—Mrs. Edmunds (Bath).
One Guinea.—Miss A. P. Crossland, Mr. and Mrs. Hide, David and John. Cirencester Branch. Mr. Percy Merriman (Ramble), Miss Sara T. Newton, Mr. C. H. Redman.
One Pound.—Miss M. Wenyon.
Fifteen Shillings.—Mrs. Mina P. Litton.
Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. J. Greaves (Recital, Catford ; Recital, Coneyhall Lit. Society ; and Recital, Gravesend).
Ten Shillings.—Dickens Fellowship Group 6. Mrs. Robertson. Mr. J. Tomlinson. Mr. J. Greaves (Recital, Downham).
Five Shillings.—Mrs. O. L. Behrens.
Four Shillings and Fourpence.—Mr. J. McCurrach.
Total to date £3,508 14s. 7d.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are unsuitable.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

VALUABLE work has been done during the past months by those who were responsible for the presentation of the various sections of *A Tale of Two Cities*: Mr. J. Letcher, our President; Miss P. Durrieu, Vice-President; Misses V. de Montalk, Lawson and Manning; Mesdames Willis, Ward, Riley and Peters; Messrs. A. W. Marks and Donnell. Our other Vice-President, Mrs. C. N. Whitmore, by way of diversion, produced a wonderful evening on behalf of the Dorrit Division, whilst Jack Letcher conducted the Members' Night, and also the Dickensian Party at the conclusion of the session. To these and those who assisted them, we owe a debt of gratitude for pleasant evenings, which whilst educational were highly entertaining. The general layout of our new rooms, into which we moved just over a year ago, including as it does, a stage, helps considerably. Especial appreciation has been placed on record of the work of those stalwarts, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Brandon, our Immediate Past President and his wife, whose untiring efforts in the past have so assisted our Branch, and likewise of our former Hon. Secretary, Miss Freda Robinson, who held that post for over ten years. It is by the work of such as these that we carry on despite hard times. Although the ranks have thinned through various causes, we are hopeful of an early revival.

OBITUARY.—It is with deep regret that the passing of these members has been recorded: Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Clarkson, Mrs. Titchener, and Mrs. Farrant.

W. H.

BLACKPOOL

THE Blackpool Branch ended the 1946-7 session with a balance sheet that would have shown a deficit but for a donation from a generous member. But finances were soon put right by a Spring Jumble Sale, and, in the summer, the first Garden Party ever held by the Branch, opened by the Mayoress of Blackpool, Mrs. Rhodes W. Marshall, proved a great success socially as well as financially. The autumn session started with three new officials: Madame Cleator, President; Miss Ivy Wilkinson, Hon. Secretary; Mr. J. H. Roe, Hon. Treasurer, and a programme packed with good things. These include the President's Night, with an introduction to *Great Expectations*; talk on "Mr. Wemmick and an Englishman's Home," by Mr. W. J. Piper; on "Minor Characters of *Great Expectations*," by Miss E. Brodie, M.A.; and "Head *v.* Heart," by Mrs. J. R. F. Robinson, M.A.; a "Lucky Dip" and a Blackpool Edition of *The Dickensian*, both by members; a visit of the Blackpool Literary and Scientific Society, a Dramatic Reading of *The Cricket on the Hearth* (believed to be the first ever given at Blackpool), and an evening arranged and presented by Madame Cleator, "Ever the Best of Friends." On the social side arrangements for 1947-8 include a Bring and Buy Sale for the Benevolent Fund, a New Year's Party, and the Birthday Celebration. The Branch mourns the loss of several much-valued older members, among them Mr. W. Bernasconi (82), Mrs. Somerset (90), and Mrs. Hoole (82). Happily the gaps are being filled by new members of all ages.

I. W.

PRESTON

THE Branch continues to flourish and has recently supported the plan to provide the town with a Rest and Recreation Centre for Old People, believing it to be one which would have commended itself to Dickens. The death of the Rev. W. H. Johnson, the result of a street accident, will be severely felt by the Branch, for he took the greatest interest in our work. A donation has been sent to the Dickens House Endowment Fund in his memory.

F. M. C.

RUGBY

So far the Rugby Branch has had a most enjoyable and successful season although attendances at some functions have fallen below expectations. Not so the fare provided, however. In the unavoidable absence through

illness of our former President, Mrs. Eardley Morris, who had promised to travel from Devonshire to give us a Dickens Song Recital, the season opened with a series of short sketches from *Great Expectations*. In November members had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. John Greaves, of Headquarters, who gave a programme of brilliant sketches entitled *Off the Shelf*. Members were still happily discussing this when in December Mr. Percy Merriman, Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, put them under a further debt of gratitude by his intimate and friendly recital, *The Actor's Debt to Dickens*. Early in January the New Year's Party was a great success and if the programme was not exactly Dickensian it was one which Dickens would have wholeheartedly enjoyed. In March the Branch is to be visited by Mr. Percy Edgar, Midland Director of the B.B.C. and President of the Birmingham Branch.

F. J. H.

WOLVERHAMPTON

In response to an appeal to Dickens lovers in a local newspaper, a Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has been formed in Wolverhampton. Seven people met at 7 Wadham's Hill on the 6th September, 1947, and formed themselves into a working committee. Plans were made for development. At a further meeting on the 11th October, the date was fixed for a public meeting to be held in the Lecture Hall of the Free Library on the 10th of November. About forty people attended this meeting, all of whom enrolled as members. It was decided to apply to Headquarters for affiliation and the Charter was received on the 26th November. Mrs. Fox-Davies (Hon. Secretary, Birmingham Branch) attended the two meetings and gave much help and advice. A Christmas Party was held on the 10th December, with a Dickens "Quiz," "Twenty Questions," and a one-act play from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with Nurse N. Richards as Sarah Gamp, Miss J. Mountain as Betsey Prig and Mr. Ian Stuart as producer and narrator. Mr. Brian Conway acted as M.C. and the ladies of the committee served refreshments. Every confidence is felt in the future of the new Branch.

J. B.

MR. T. STURGE COTTERELL

It will be of interest to all Dickensians to know that Mr. Sturge Cotterell, the honoured Life President of the Bath Branch, has recently severed his connection with the Bath City Council. He was until his retirement, the doyen of that body, having given over 45 years devoted service to his fellow citizens, as Councillor, Alderman and as Chief Magistrate of the City. In his capacity as a local legislator he served the city in many capacities, his chief work was on the cultural side and he was for many years the Chairman of the Free Library and Art Gallery Committee. His knowledge of all things pertaining to his native city is cyclopedic and he is its leading authority on its history, archaeology and architecture.

He can look back with satisfaction on a long life well spent in the interest of his fellow townsmen and, among the many services he has rendered, not the least is the founding of the Bath Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

F. C. D.

(Mr. Sturge Cotterell is equally well known and appreciated in London, where he has seldom missed a Council meeting for a great many years and he is always a welcomed and honoured figure at Conference. But lately, he once more demonstrated his interest in the welfare of the Fellowship by financing a scheme to interest a greater number of Public Libraries to subscribe to *The Dickensian*. It is with eagerness that we take this opportunity of publicly expressing our grateful thanks to him.—Editor.)

Congratulations and good wishes to the following newly-appointed Secretaries :

Miss P. Harmsworth, of Bromley, Mrs. Freas M. Long, of Madison, Miss E. C. Ritchie, of New York, and Andrew L. Murray, of Shrewsbury.

The thanks of the whole Fellowship are tendered to the retiring Secretaries :

Mrs. Mable Cole, Mrs.Christopherson, Miss L. O'Brien and Mrs. Bentley.

THE THOUGHTFUL DICKENSIANS OF MELBOURNE

It is about a year since a number of fortunate London Dickensians received a welcome food parcel from kind friends in the Melbourne Branch. Not content with that, these generous people have now sent a large quantity of food for wider distribution throughout the Fellowship. It was addressed in bulk to our President, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, who has been wrangling for weeks with the Circumlocutory Government Departments who did their best to prevent the food from being released on the pretext that the weight was greater than the total permitted. Why *any* attempt should be made to prevent the entry of food gifts to this country at the time of the present acute shortage only the official mind could pretend to explain. However, the Barnacles met their match in Mr. Dickens, with the result that a number of Dickensians throughout the country found their meagre rations very pleasantly augmented and we most cordially send our grateful thanks to everyone responsible in the Melbourne Branch. L. C. S.

OBITUARY

Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., Vice-President (see p. 60).
Miss E. Bamford, Manchester.
Commander W. S. MacIlwaine, Headquarters.
Ernest Ward, Past President, Manchester.
Miss Nellie Wood, Manchester.

J. B. M. Armour

After a lengthy illness, the Rev. J. B. M. Armour, M.A., D.D., passed away on Oct. 25th in Belfast, Northern Ireland. He was for nineteen years General Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Canada and Newfoundland, and his service to that organization was marked by abounding enthusiasm and unfailing self-sacrifice. As an eloquent advocate of its claims no man was more welcome in the pulpits of the various churches throught the Dominion. Dr. Armour took a keen interest in the cultural life of the Christian community wherever he went. His warm Irish heart and his strong social nature won him friends everywhere. He was President of the Dickens Fellowship of Toronto, 1944-1947, and under his dynamic leadership contributions increased in a marked degree. He was also a member of the Sir Walter Scott Club, the Empire Club and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. A. M. S.

George F. Gadd

George F. Gadd, one of the earliest members of the Manchester Branch, passed away on Christmas Eve. For many years when he was actively associated with the Branch, he did much to create Dickensian interest in the City. He was a Dickensian scholar and claimed to have solved the Mystery of *Edwin Drood* on which subject he was a frequent contributor to the early volumes of *The Dickensian*. His drawings illustrated his brother's, Col. W. L. Gadd's book on *Great Expectations*. J. L. A.

Albert Ernest Stafford Smythe

Distinguished throughout Canada as a writer, lecturer, and authority on the works of Charles Dickens, Albert E. S. Smythe died at Hamilton, Ont., on October 2nd, 1947, in his 86th year. Born at Gravehill, Co. Antrim, he came to Canada in 1899 and followed a brilliant career as a newspaper editor, poet and student of religion, and for some years devoted much time to the Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, of which he was President from 1920 to 1924. During those years, the activities and influence of the Toronto Branch, especially in the field of charitable work and dramatic portrayals of the novels of Dickens, expanded greatly under the leadership of this able, scholarly, and lovable Dickensian. K. A. McM.

Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller, R.A.M.C.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Col. Spiller, which took place suddenly at his home on February 1st. He will be missed by a wide circle of friends in the Fellowship which he generously served for many years both in committee and in other ways at the Dickens House. He was a keen lover of London and few knew it, not only in its Dickensian aspects, as he did. His London rambles for the benefit of his fellow members will be gratefully remembered, for they were characteristic of his kindly, humorous personality. L. C. S.

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

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(*Imperfect*)

TO BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

IN AID OF

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Final Date for Reception of Offers at the Dickens House: June 1st, 1948.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Hon. Secretary: PERCY MERRIMAN.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 10 Thirlmere Road, S.W.16.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, Senr., 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 20 Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. J. FRENCH, 20 Trelawney House, Union Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss D. GREEN, 39 Belgrave Crescent.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Miss I. WILKINSON, 8 Lightbown Avenue, Marton.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Miss TATTAM, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Miss P. HARMSWORTH, 1 Oldfield Road, Bickley, Kent.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—J. H. BOSWORTH, 9 Cecily Hill.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—A. MORTON WEBB, 12 Old Orchard Road.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—Miss E. A. DARKIN, 21 Heathville Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Miss MARGARET CORDOCK, 43 Grafton Street, Hull.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—Miss A. E. DALLEY, The Street, Ickham, near Canterbury.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss M. M. KELLY, 35 Ullet Road.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (No 135) Mrs. GRAYSTOCK, 117 St. Andrew's Road South, St. Anne's on Sea.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss MARY CORNEY, 46 Alexandra Road, South.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—BASIL BASTON, 51 Chaworth Road, W. Bridgford.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 6).—Mrs. STOCK, 58 Francis Avenue, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Miss E. BOTTRELL, 33 Ipsley Street.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—Miss A. BUTLER, 253, Maidstone Road.

RUGBY (No. 111).—A. E. LEESON, 68 Clifton Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—A. L. MURRAY, 20 Coton Crescent.

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

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